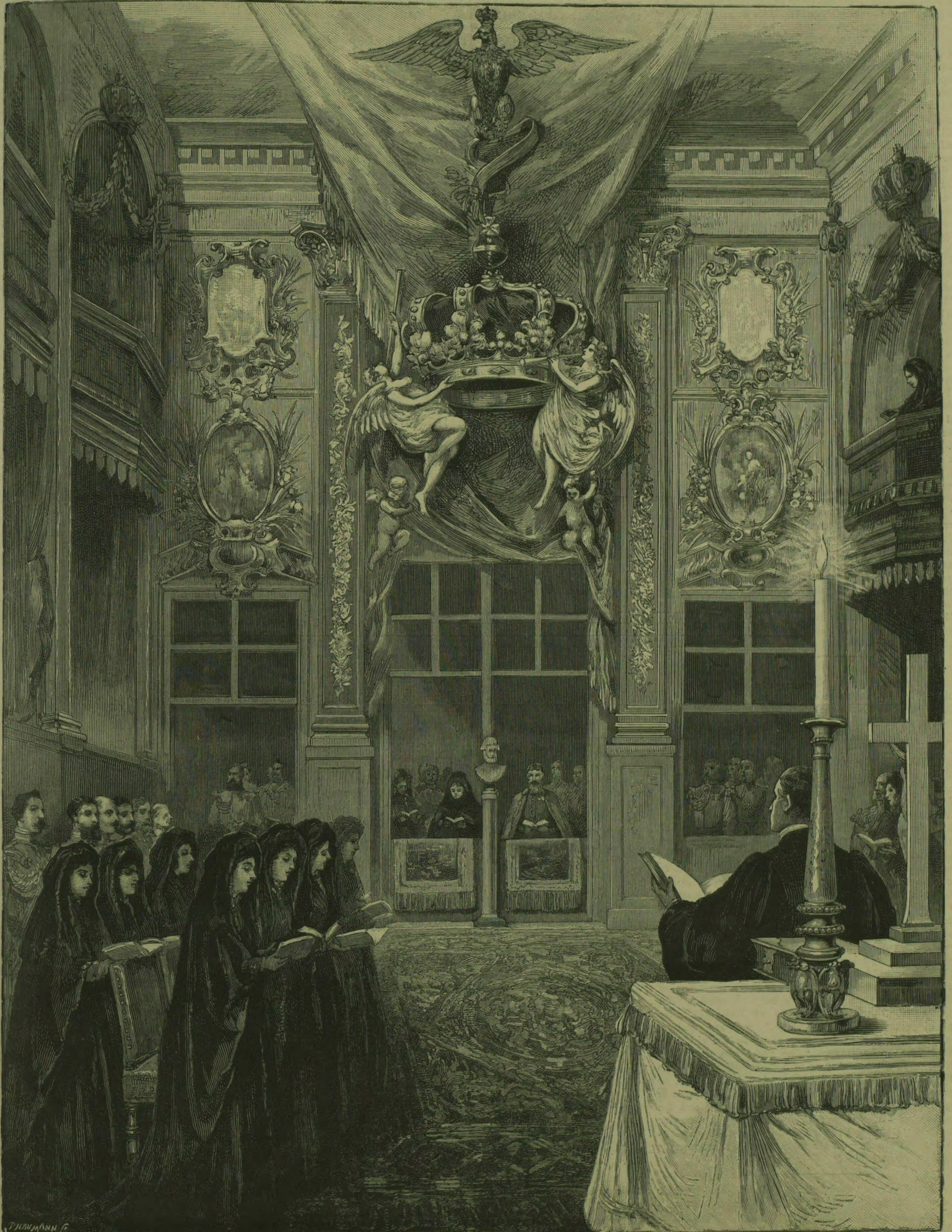


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY AT DIVINE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARLOTTENBURG PALACE, BERLIN.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are some things which, though to the ordinary mind they seem perfectly right and natural, remain so long undone that when they are done one is as much filled with amazement as though the discovery of their propriety had just been made. This is especially the case with reforms in the law. To every-one of common sense the idea of shutting a criminal's mouth, from the moment he is taken into custody—"Take care what you say, my good fellow; any admission you make will be used against you"—to that of his acquittal or conviction, has long seemed absurd and monstrous; but lawyers have such a contemptuous pity—and such a precious sharp way of expressing it—for the opinions of laymen who venture to find fault with their proceedings, that nobody who values his nose dares open his mouth. On the other hand, when a reform does take place, it must be admitted there is nobody like your Attorney-General (though it is generally one that is out of office) for pointing out "the absurd, chaotic, and intolerable" state of affairs that has so long been permitted to exist. It has at last been decided that, in place of one's counsel being instructed by one's solicitor to state that at the proper time and place we shall have a complete explanation to offer respecting our very suspicious conduct, one may get into the witness-box and explain it oneself in five minutes. I wonder how long it will be before the legal mind will discover that deeds affecting all we have in the world should be written in the English language, and also in the English character, so that we can read them without vertigo? I am informed (not, indeed, by an Attorney-General, but by one who means to be one) that, in nine cases out of ten, every legal document now in hieroglyphic and on parchment, might, for all practical purposes, just as well be printed with the type-writer on ordinary paper. Then, why isn't it?

When the "Flying Scotchman" was blocked by the snow the other day, a Scotch Duke with Conservative leanings was rescued from the train by a Radical M.P., and hospitably entertained at his country seat. This has suggested the remark to a serious-minded journalist that it would be well, indeed, if the leaders of all the sects in Christendom could be snowed up together for a night, that they might "learn how much humanity they had in common, and what comfort there is in mutual helpfulness." He ought to have said that "the survivors" would learn it. A first-class carriage filled by the Pope, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Swinburne, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Hampden, junior (who thinks the world is "flat," in a different sense from that in which it appeared to Hamlet), would not in my opinion be good company. Mr. Bradlaugh would probably be the only one of them who could be depended upon not to—well, extract from the Communion Service. And yet there are dinner-givers in the fashionable world who pride themselves upon bringing people together who would otherwise, from their well-known antagonism, never meet. Their object, however, is less to afford an agreeable evening to their guests than to earn a reputation for themselves as lion-tamers. Dr. Johnson's invitation to meet Wilkes is the only instance in favour of this mixture of conflicting elements; and, to those who can read between the lines, it is evident that their mutual forbearance was owing to the fact that they were both horribly afraid of one another. It is very well for large-minded persons (like the reader) to aver that they are never put out by the expression of antagonistic opinions—but they don't like the people that hold them.

The system of "fagging" at the public schools used to be defended upon the ground that it discouraged bullying. The theory was that under an authorised system of superiors and inferiors there would be less individual oppression; but it somehow happened that the small boys reaped the benefit of both sides, and got "more kicks than halfpence" than ever. However, they secured that immense advantage of "roughing it" in its completeness to which certain old gentlemen refer, with such offensive boastfulness, "as having made them the men they are," that one is sometimes tempted to ask whether they could possibly have been worse without it. Whether "fagging" was practised in Charterhouse in Thackeray's day I do not know, though his denunciation of it is most vehement; but, I think, at that date, at all events, it was confined to the more aristocratic schools. It was one of the few extras that was not paid for, but was given in along with the "tone." In middle-class seminaries it had no existence. In the great Republic, of course, those humiliations have been always impossible which our juvenile Lord Algies and Berties used to put up with so patiently, and—if their young master was popular—even proudly, though, it must be confessed, to the outsider it seemed a strange sort of pride. "Fagging" has been much relaxed, and bullying greatly discouraged in English schools of late, which makes the recent reports of the latter vice—under the name of "hazing"—in American schools the more remarkable. The ill-treatment of the younger cadets at West Point, for example, "in the country of the free," seems to be quite as bad as anything that used to take place, in the old days, at Woolwich or Sandhurst. "One never sees three boys together," says a great student of human nature, "but one of them is crying." The psychologists tell us that, at adolescence, when "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" his purified nature scorns to maltreat the companions of his own age, to worry the harmless necessary cat, or to play tip-cat with frogs that have not blown themselves out like the frog in the fable. But, in the meantime, why are boys such brutes?

I wonder how many "original ideas" are indebted for their discovery to wits and humourists, which afterwards assume in other hands, though entirely without acknowledgment, a practical shape. It is common enough to see advertised now-a-days some pleasure-trip Round the World, in a steam-yacht;

but ten years ago such an expedition had all the attraction of novelty. Yet in a play of nearly fifty years back the project was treated of, though with admirable humour, with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of detail. It is a promoter of companies who speaks—"We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families; we've already advertised for wet nurses and maids-of-all-work. . . . A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room, with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, while the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language; while, for the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson." I wonder how many of my readers will remember that play—once so well thought of, and written by the greatest wit of his time!

Nobody denies that the dog is as much "the friend of man" as he always was, but it has become well understood that he is not a judicious friend. It has of late been proved, for example, that, so far from saving his master from drowning, he generally beats him under water (though with the best intentions) with his paws. It is not a mere case of "encumbering him with help," but of downright homicide: he kills him with kindness. Many have doubtless heard of the case of the lover who had made an appointment with his beloved object by the lakeside, and, being (very naturally) before his time, thought he would have a bathe; and how his dog, who was put to guard his clothes, would not let him—being unrecognisable *in puris naturalibus*—put them on again; how there was nothing for it but to hide under the lilies; and how the lake was dragged for him (in her distracted presence), all along of that dog—a scene too painful to dwell upon. And now, canine sagacity has made another mistake. An Irishman overcome by Scotch whisky, on a Saturday night, sinks on the Edinburgh pavement, attended by a too faithful bull-dog, that will suffer nobody to approach his beloved master. The noble creature is known to be the "best fighter in Scotland," and the police and the military alike shrink from the contest. It was only by sheer luck that somebody was found in whom that dog had confidence, or the man would have been frozen to death and—what is (locally) of more consequence—have broken the Sabbath.

"Strange that honey can't be got without hard money!" sings the poet, and the same thing can surely be averred, and with even greater force, of snowdrops! Yet a British farmer has been found to prosecute two little children for plucking them in his paddock. If he had owned the fields of Enna, it is probable that he would have done the same to Proserpine herself for gathering flowers, only he would not have sacrificed her to Pluto, but to Plutus. If it had been the crocus, one could imagine its golden hue to have given it some sort of fictitious value in his greedy eyes; but the snowdrop! It is difficult, I hope, for most people to conceive the nature of a man who would wish to send a child to jail for such an offence. I have not one word to say for this churl; but the general indignation he has aroused, it strikes me, might take a more useful and broader channel. Farmers now-a-days are in great straits, and it is possible that a crop of snowdrops, at a penny a bunch in the London market, may be worth their consideration. What is far more discreditable is the selfishness of some of our great landowners, who would keep the children's feet off the very grass. I know a park, not an hour's journey from town, through which there is a right of way, and where, in summer-time, there are men employed by its noble proprietor to warn all passers-by to keep to the road. He forbids the dusty wayfarer to cool his feet even for a moment on the green sward. The "warners," poor fellows, are dreadfully ashamed of their office. "It is my lord's will," they say apologetically, as though they would have added, "and you know the sort of man he is." I remember on one occasion seeing a contest between them and a sort of comic village Hampden, who persisted in sitting down on the grass. "Touch me if you dare," he said, "and I'll bring an action against you for assault. I've got my feet on your beastly road." The distinction was too subtle for them, and I left him sitting, and the "warners" watching him with doubtful looks. The snowdrop farmer was, doubtless, a surly dog, but, to my mind, not so utterly contemptible as this other, though he had a coronet for his collar.

The inequality of judicial sentences is complained of daily, as if it were a new thing; but whenever what is called "discretionary power" is left in the hands of one who has no discretion, miscarriages of justice must needs take place. They are neither more frequent nor worse than they used to be, though of course we hear much more of them. Seventy years ago two men stole some fowls in Suffolk. One of them was caught at once and tried by Judge Buller, who, not thinking his crime very serious, gave him three months' imprisonment. The other was arrested some time afterwards, and, being found guilty at the next Assizes, was sentenced by Judge Gould to seven years' transportation. "It so happened," says the chronicler, with quaint indifference, "that the one man was leaving prison at the expiration of his punishment, at the very time the other was setting out for Botany Bay."

I have long wondered why actors and actresses are so modest and destitute of egotism; and the explanation has been given us at last, thanks to the enterprise of a weekly paper. The editor has been collecting evidence from the leading members of the dramatic calling as to the effect produced upon their minds by the various criticisms upon their performances, and it is to these, it seems, that they owe their humility and absence of self-assertion. In a few instances, indeed, a deplorable disposition has been manifested to chaff the querist. One gentleman writes—"The only criticisms worth serious attention—all others can be treated

with the contempt they deserve—are (I.) the good ones on oneself; (II.) the bad ones on one's friends. The first should be perused over and over again, because they tend to counteract that curse of my profession, modesty, &c." He adds that there is only one authentic record of an actor who did not read criticisms; and he was blind, and had them read to him. Everyone remembers Miss Sneydell and her album of press notices. But upon every histrionic mind (not given up to joking, as in the above sad instance) they have, it appears, the most wholesome influence. "Whenever I feel myself getting too well satisfied with myself," writes one gentleman, "I read an unfavourable review as a corrective." "To analyse with impartiality," writes another, "any censure meted out to him and to pick out even from the chaff the few grains of guidance—is the obvious duty of every practical artist." To speak of "kissing the rod" in connection with such angelic behaviour as this, would be to underrate its humility. I know nothing like it, nothing—except in the literary calling.

THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

This society, now established at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, which opened its thirty-third annual exhibition on March 26, has no need to appeal for any special consideration on the ground of chivalry. Taken as a whole the pictures are fully up to the average of many exhibitions to which the public is invited by a flourish of trumpets. What, however, is more to the point is that this year the level attained is decidedly higher than on recent occasions; and that in view of the limited space at the disposal of the committee, and the almost unlimited demands upon it, the arrangement is effective and satisfactory, except to those who have been painfully "skied." One screen (No. IV.) especially deserves notice for its hanging; no work obtaining undue prominence at the expense of its neighbours, and all combining in an harmonious whole. The exhibition is pretty equally divided into oils and water colours. In the former, Mrs. Kate Perugini, the Misses Montalba, Mrs. Lea Merritt, Mrs. Gardiner Hastings, Miss Alice Havers, and Mrs. Louise Jopling are amongst those who have gained laurels in other fields, and have not suffered by competition with the other sex. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to do more than to mention their names as exhibitors in this gallery. Amongst the works of less widely-known artists we should mention Miss Bywater's "Gardener's Daughter" (221), Miss Janet Archer's "There's a Father's Boat" (300), Miss Fanny Bertie's "Memories Sweet and Tender" (292), Miss Erichsen's "In the Meadow" (329), Miss M. Simpson's "Flowers that Bloom in Spring" (310), Miss E. Partridge's "Sweet Simplicity" (322), Miss Newcombe's "Mending Nets" (334), and Dora Noye's "Noonday" (65). Amongst water colours, which are exceptionally good this year, may be mentioned Miss Millicent Grose's "Dieppe from the Cliffs" (6), and other bits of French scenery by the same lady. Miss E. A. Ibb's "Interior of the St. Maria del Popolo" (33), and Miss Ruth Mercier's "Cathedral at Siena" (560), Miss Perkins's "Ilfracombe" (52), Miss Kate Sadler's "White Chrysanthemums" (47), Miss Freeman Kempton's "Early Morning at Stonehaven" (95), and many other pleasant sketches; Miss Mildred Butler's "Following the Plough" (93), Miss Helen O'Hara's two "Sea-studies" (167, 170), &c. It is not necessary to add that Mrs. Paul Naftel, Miss Maud Naftel, Mrs. K. Macaulay, Miss Blatherwick, and others well known as exhibitors elsewhere, are here represented effectively. Miss N. Casella sends one of her delightfully-finished wax medallions (493), and Miss Amy Hunt and Miss K. Bannin and Miss Ada Palmer show what ladies can achieve in the way of sculpture. Altogether the exhibition is most satisfactory.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The University Boat-race was rowed on Saturday, March 24, over the usual course, and resulted in a victory for Cambridge. The course presented the usual holiday scene, though, owing to the somewhat early hour at which the race was rowed, the attendance was sparse till within a short time of the start. The fog prevented the contest being seen at much more than two hundred yards' distance, and the scene was shorn of some of its customary brilliance owing to a smaller attendance than usual of ladies. Both crews went out in the morning for short spins, with eases, from the boat-house at Putney to the bridge and back, the performances being watched with much interest from the shore. Both crews showed splendid form. The water was as calm as a mill-pond. There was a slight fall of snow in the early morning; then the wind shifted, and a fog settled over the river. The Thames Conservancy boats began to clear the course soon after ten; and shortly afterwards the press and umpire boats arrived. Cambridge, which was favourite, won the toss, and chose their position on the Surrey side. The Oxford crew entered their boat at a quarter before eleven, followed five minutes later by Cambridge. Both were loudly cheered. A good start was made at 10.56. The Light Blues took the lead early, and drew ahead rapidly, and after covering about three hundred yards, they led by half a length. Both crews continued rowing steadily; but Cambridge kept improving their lead, and on passing Hammersmith Bridge they were four lengths ahead, the race being then apparently a foregone conclusion. Barnes was reached at 11.12, Cambridge still maintaining their advantage. On rounding the bend of the river at Mortlake the Light Blues were seen to be a considerable distance ahead, and they finished easily by half a dozen lengths, Oxford pulling gamely to the end. Time, 20 min. 48 sec.

The Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports took place on the previous day at West Kensington, Cambridge winning five out of the nine events.

At the afternoon performance at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment on Easter Monday a new first piece will be produced, entitled "Wanted—an Heir," by Malcolm Watson, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and Mr. Corney Grain will give, for the first time, his new musical sketch, "Mossoo in London."

A meeting in aid of the fund for the erection of a memorial to the heroes of Waterloo, in the new cemetery near Brussels, was held in the Mansion House on March 23. The Lord Mayor, who presided, moved a resolution pledging the meeting to aid in raising funds for the memorial; this was seconded by the Duke of Cambridge, and carried unanimously. Several donations were promised before the meeting terminated.

The Porters' Benevolent Association held their twenty-first anniversary dinner at the Hôtel Métropole on March 23. Mr. Walter Leaf occupied the chair, and there were about 200 gentlemen present. The secretary (Mr. W. T. Rickwood) read the new list of contributions. Amongst the donors of 100 gs. were Mr. Walter Leaf; Messrs. Leaf, Sons, and Co.; Messrs. Cook, Son, and Co.; and Messrs. Shoobred and Co. The total amount of subscriptions was £1501. There are 244 recipients of benefits from the funds of the association, and the amount now distributed is about £3300 a year.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The sweet and wholesome fancy conveyed in the pretty title "Sweet Lavender" is not denied us in the enjoyment of Mr. Pinero's new play. A domestic drama with nothing disagreeable in it; a story of modern life with no discord in its harmony; a protest, as it were, in its tender vein of humanity, to the vulgar and tawdry pictures of brutality, selfishness, and depravity that were gradually creeping into popularity—"Sweet Lavender" is as refreshing to the jaded playgoer as the rest of the country after the riot of town. Mr. Pinero, in preparing this play for Mr. Terry, has reverted to his earlier manner, that was checked for the moment by the success of his farcical comedies—the manner that first attracted the attention of Mr. Irving, who, if we mistake not, produced the first comedietta of his clever young comrade. Mr. Pinero's last work has been received with almost unqualified appreciation. Some there are who, finding all sentiment distasteful to them, complain of the author's retrogression; a few complain that, on the first night, certain scenes appeared to be too long, and cry aloud for condensation; a small minority shudder at the notion of a young barrister falling in love with his housekeeper's daughter even though she be confessedly well-bred and played by so charming a little lady as Miss Rose Norreys; but objections have been urged in faint whispers, or have been coarsely emphasised, and the public voice has ratified in a very marked manner the unanimous verdict of the first audience. The drama is as bright and witty as it is palatable and wholesome. Laughter and tears are continually struggling for the mastery, and Mr. Terry may congratulate himself on having secured one of the very few plays that will not merely win favour for the moment, but will last for a considerable time. Early in his career Mr. Pinero has discovered the value of writing plays that shall team withactable characters. A one-part play is evidently to him an abomination, and Mr. Edward Terry is to be congratulated on his good sense in not rejecting a drama because nearly every character in it has a weight and force of its own. Recently there has been an anxious fear expressed in more than one quarter that the possession of nearly every theatre in London by actors, who are managers as well, will play havoc with the drama and tie the hands of ambitious authors. It is the natural tendency of a popular actor who has power as a manager to place himself in a prominent position, without any regard to the consideration of the play that is to be cast. That this is not always so we have ample proof and evidence at hand. Managers, like the Bancrofts and Mr. Hare, have continually subordinated their own personal interests to the author's scheme, and in "Sweet Lavender" no one can accuse Mr. Terry of keeping all the rest down in order that he particularly may shine. He has a good part, which he plays admirably; but it is not a bit the less popular because it is surrounded by innumerable characters not, perhaps, quite so striking, but equally interesting.

The character of Dick Phenyl, the poor, good-natured, tipsy barrister that Mr. Terry has brought into such prominence by his rare gifts of observation and humour, has nothing to do with the main love-story. This unfortunate gentleman has been rescued from depravity and ruin by the hero, Clement Hale, and he shows his gratitude by assisting his loyal friend when evil fortune attends him. Weak, irresolute, his merry heart not quite saddened with the drink that is destroying him, an affectionate fellow, and a witty companion, this quaint ne'er-do-weel is such a character as Thackeray would have loved to describe. Mr. Terry seizes on the salient points, and he does more than justice to the witty lines that he has to deliver. Laughter never ceases when Mr. Terry is on the stage. The young hero, Clement, who is not ashamed, with the precedent before him of the Lord of Burleigh and the gardener's daughter, and innumerable heroes and heroines of old ballad fiction, to fall in love with one of low degree, is manfully, cheerfully, and sturdily acted by Mr. Bernard Gould, who has a capital manner and a good stage voice. Mr. Brandon Thomas is rapidly coming to the front as a character actor; he has improved surprisingly since he left the St. James's Theatre, where he had comparatively little to do, and is now regarded as the fitting representative of well-bred, middle-aged gentlemen, the more military the better, who discover, when too late, that they have broken the hearts of good women, and are profoundly sorry for their youthful indiscretions. The Geoffrey Wedderburn of the present play is an elderly gentleman, who discovers in his adopted son's fiancée his own illegitimate daughter. It is a pathetic character with nothing maudlin or namby-pamby about it, and it is capably handled by Mr. Brandon Thomas. It is not every woman who cherishes with affection the name and the character of the man who has ruined and deserted her, with no excuse but personal inconvenience. Such a good and charitable woman, however, is Ruth Rolt, housekeeper and laundress at No. 3, Brain-court, Temple, who brings out from her retirement Miss Carlotta Addison, one of our most gentle and sympathetic actresses. She thoroughly identifies herself with this sweet and long-suffering woman, and the memory lingers long upon the picture of her pale, interesting face and her purity of womanhood. Mr. Alfred Bishop, as a kindly-hearted old physician; Mr. F. Kerr, as a fashionable young American, desperately and energetically in love; Mr. Sant Matthews, as a clean-shaven solicitor; and Mr. Valentine, as an oily barber, are all excellent—justifying the remark that in the acting of male characters we are now far in advance of the French stage. And it may very much be doubted if all Paris could produce a more charming, intelligent, or natural ingénue than Miss Maude Millett, who in the character of Minnie, a sweet English girl of a pure type, has all the charm of the "two roses" crushed into one. Your French ingénue is, as a rule, painfully self-conscious and artificial; but Miss Millett's Minnie is, emphatically, the sweetest, brightest, and most delightful girl that the stage has seen for many a long day. The part could not possibly be better played, for it is Nature itself. Miss Norreys opens her large eyes and creeps about the room, and does her best to appear to be very earnest and sentimental; but nobody believes in it. She is a romp, and is in reality brimming over with fun. Comedy is her element—strong, broadly defined comedy—and the sooner she reverts to it the better. Love-sick, sentimental girls are wholly out of her line, though she does her best to appear to be what she is not as Little Lavender.

Mr. Rutland Barrington's version of "Mr. Barnes of New York" is very nearly a good play. It can easily be made one, and then it will suit the Olympic or the Opéra Comique admirably. It is strange that Mrs. Bernard Beere has not long ago seized upon it, for the Corsican girl is a character after her own heart—a part just as strong as Fédera; and, at the present moment, she is about the only actress who has strength to sustain the grim murder scene in the last act, that rises to the highest tragic power. We have no hesitation in saying that there is but little commercial value in the play, clever as it is, unless a Marita can be secured who can hold her audience in a grip of iron. The death of Lena Despard, about which so many people talked as a revelation of intense acting, sinks into insignificance beside the execution of this Corsican vendetta,

where murder is followed by madness. It is no child's play, and requires an actress physically capacitated to do it justice. All credit to Miss Florence West for her plucky attempt to grapple with this giant part. She made a splendid fight of it, but her antagonist was a little too strong for her, and she was thrown when almost in the arms of victory. There is unquestionable power in the young actress; she has that nervous force that is so rarely found, and an agility that is invaluable. She rushes at her fences with indomitable energy, and surmounts formidable obstacles by sheer courage. All this is well. But someone of experience should be implored to teach her how to utilise the rare gifts that nature has given her. She should know how to husband her strength; how not to exhaust herself before the time of climax. Even genius must be trained. It is something, however, to have got so far on the road, and there can be doubt that Miss West will one day take a very leading position on the stage. At present half-a-dozen lessons from Mrs. Vezin would probably do her more good than the hard work of a dozen trial matinées. Mr. Willard gave a brilliantly clever reading of the Count Danella, and crossed swords fairly with Mr. Beerbohm-Tree in his own particular line, and he did the most wonderful thing ever seen, probably, on the stage. He went through a passionate love-scene with a tall hat on! If any other actor had dared to do it, a laugh would have been inevitable. Had the hat come off, collapse must have ensued even with Mr. Willard. Probably it was an oversight, for could so polite a foreigner as this Corsican Count make love to a lady with his hat on? Mr. Barrington was easy, natural, and excellent as Mr. Barnes of New York, but we did not get enough of him; or of Enid, the proud English girl; or of that mischievous little "wretch," the child Chartris, imitatively played by Miss Jessie Bond. Someone has been cruel to suggest that the character might be cut out altogether. Certainly not if Miss Bond plays it; we want very much more of this imp, and should like her to describe her theft of the rouleau of gold, and to hear her first whimpering for mercy and then suggesting as a remedy, "Borrow it of Barnes."

The stage is desperately in need of capable actresses. Theatres spring up on all sides, and there is scarcely one leading lady to be depended on for half-a-dozen of them. The difficulty is that managers and authors, as ever, require the experience of fifty and the age of twenty-one. We therefore hailed the advent of Miss Julia Neilson, who has made a first appearance of great promise, in the character of Cynisca, from Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea." She is tall, graceful, with a fine stage face, and a musical voice; and so clever a new-comer will be very welcome. Miss Neilson has had the advantage of being specially trained for a musical career, and after so much encouragement at the Lyceum, no doubt she will soon be seen again.

Much interest has also been taken in the reappearance of Miss Fortescue, after a course of study under a very competent instructress; and we are glad to see she is engaged to play an important character in "A Run of Luck," as revived for the Easter season at Drury-Lane.

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The spring flower show at the Crystal Palace took place on March 24, and was visited by a large number of persons.

Intelligence has been received at Sydney that the evacuation of the New Hebrides by the French troops is now completed, the troops having been transferred to Noumea.

The Goldsmiths' Company have given £50 towards the funds of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, and £50 to the Earlswold Asylum for Idiots.

The Queen has signified her intention to present a cup, of the value of 100 guineas, to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde, to be competed for at the next regatta, which promises to be a very brilliant one.

The Bills for the extension of the railway system to the Orange Free State and Transvaal borders, and the raising of a loan of £1,500,000 for that purpose, have passed through committee in the Natal Legislature.

The adjourned general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund was held on March 24 at the rooms of the Society of Arts, the President, Sir A. Borthwick M.P., in the chair. The report for the past year was adopted, and the retiring members of the committee were re-elected.

Eleven years ago the cashier of the National Bank at Tuam paid away £100 by mistake, and all efforts to discover the recipient proved fruitless at the time. The clerk was surcharged the amount, and paid it by instalments. One of the priests at Tuam has handed the money to the clerk, it having been intrusted to him for restitution.

The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty have made their annual distribution of surplus income in grants to meet benefactions on behalf of poor benefices in England and Wales. The benefices selected for augmentation were eighty-three in number, ranging in value from £15 to £200 per annum. The total amount of grants promised was £20,600, and the value of the benefactions offered to obtain such grants was £29,548.

The Acting Agent-General for Tasmania has received a despatch from the Premier of the colony stating that in future no privileges whatever for the selection of land will be granted to emigrants, either to those paying their own passages or to those assisted by the Government, all Acts of Parliament under which such privileges were formerly granted having been repealed.

The annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce was held on March 22, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of Mr. J. H. Tritton, vice-president of the chamber. The company present numbered about 200, and included Lord Stanley of Preston, General Sir E. Hamley, M.P., Mr. Childers, M.P., Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P. (Secretary of the Admiralty), and Mr. A. H. D. Acland, M.P.

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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Easter Recess comes at a peculiarly opportune period. The pause is acceptable to all. We have breathing time to consider the revolutionary County Government Bill of Mr. Ritchie, the National Debt Conversion plan of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Goschen's extraordinary Budget; while the Lords have leisure to weigh in the balance the doubtless academic measure of Lord Dunraven for the reform of the House of Peers, introduced on the eve of their Lordships' adjournment.

Mr. Goschen occupied three hours and a quarter in explaining his second Budget to the House of Commons on Monday, the Twenty-sixth of March. The right hon. gentleman had a full audience. Noble Lords thronged the little gallery allotted to them. Lord Randolph Churchill gravely took his corner seat behind the Treasury bench, and relieved the monotony of curling his moustache by noting down the important items. As if qualifying himself as Chancellor of the Exchequer of a coming Liberal Unionist Ministry (if Lord Hartington or he is ever to lead one), Mr. Chamberlain screwed up his mouth whilst he also made note of Mr. Goschen's figures on the margin of the statistical paper he held. So closely were ex-Ministers packed on the front Opposition bench, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone, squeezed between Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt, seemed barely to have breathing-room left him; whilst Sir Henry James had to perch himself uncomfortably on the edge of the seat next the Marquis of Hartington. In his brown tourist suit, Mr. Parcell appeared anxious to be off for his Easter holiday, as he only looked in fitfully now and again—to quit the House again quickly as the hoarse stream of Mr. Goschen's financial eloquence still fell upon his ear.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer literally revelled in figures; and with a light heart he inflicted one tax on the House he forgot to mention—a tax on the patience of hon. members. He was forgiven for the sake of his surplus, and remissions on the Income Tax, and his palpable desire to adjust the incidence of taxation with general fairness to all classes, with considerate regard for those workers whom rates and taxes burden with especial heaviness. Mr. Goschen congratulated himself upon having had more than one "windfall" in the shape of death duties upon the estates of millionaires. The Jubilee rejoicings had increased the revenue derived from beer. After £7,292,000 had been paid off the National Debt out of the taxation of the past year, there was a surplus of £2,165,000. The total expenditure for the ensuing twelvemonth would be £86,910,000, and the revenue £89,287,000, leaving the substantial surplus of £2,377,000. Turning with a grim smile to Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Goschen then said, "Now, I am in this somewhat unpleasant position, that, with a satisfactory balance of £2,377,000 to be disposed of, I see havoc and devastation wrought upon that balance by my right hon. friend the President of the Local Government Board." Without entering into the intricate details of the grants Mr. Goschen proposed to bestow with one hand in aid of local ratepayers, and without specifying the new taxes he would impose with the other hand, I may remark that satisfaction prevailed when it was at last made clear that a penny would be taken off the Income Tax, in addition to the relief given under Schedule A to landowners unfortunate enough to derive no profit from their farms. As regards the various changes to be effected, they may be best summarised in Mr. Goschen's epitome towards the close of his prolonged address:—

And now, Mr. Courtney, I have put together a surplus of £1,762,000, from which I am able to deduct a penny in the income tax, which takes up £1,550,000, leaving me a balance of £212,000. The Customs revenue, which stood at £19,800,000, with the addition of the tax on bottled wines, will be £19,925,000; the Excise stood at £25,500,000, but I must deduct £35,000 for remission of hawkers' and carriage licences, leaving £25,505,000; Stamps stood at £12,740,000, and will now be £11,780,000. Land tax will be £1,046,000; house duty, £1,890,000; income tax, £13,820,000, less £20,000 for Schedule A and a penny off the income tax, amounting to £1,550,000, leaving £12,250,000. Total taxing revenue will be £72,396,000; non-taxing, £14,431,000; total, £86,827,000. On the other hand, the total expenditure will be £86,815,000, leaving a surplus of £212,000. The effect of the Budget in general is to distribute the surplus between the ratepayer and the taxpayer. The ratepayers in the United Kingdom will get in round figures £2,050,000, of which about £920,000 are due to new licences in England and Scotland. The taxpayers will get £1,625,000, of which £575,000 are raised by new taxation.

It devolved upon Mr. Childers, as the right hon. gentleman's predecessor, to gracefully compliment Mr. Goschen in mellifluous accents on his "three hours and a quarter" speech. The most amusing interruption in the course of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's financial statement came from the ranks of the Irish Home Rulers. Major Nolan, as if astounded at the announcement of the half-a-crown tax on all carts over two hundredweight, warmly exclaimed in a strongly remonstrant tone, "Not on Carts!" The hon. and gallant member shook his head, and emphatically cried, "No!" as Mr. Goschen repeated his proposition. He clearly would not tolerate this impost at any price. The adroit marshal of figures waxed most humorous when he jocosely bantered the "club man" on the new tax of five shillings per dozen bottles on his choicest vintages. That Mr. Goschen was by no means exhausted by his great oratorical achievement was plain from a brisk passage of arms between him and Mr. Chaplin later in the evening. The right hon. member for the Sleaford division of Lincolnshire claims agriculture and everything appertaining thereto as his especial care, regarding himself as the coming Minister of Agriculture. So from his corner nook on the front bench below the gangway, Mr. Chaplin sprang to animadvert against the equine taxes, and twitted the occupants of the Treasury bench at not knowing "a horse from a cow." But he found his match in Mr. Goschen, who, with quick wit, replied, "Though I, for one, do not know much about horses, Hermit can bear a tax of 4s." The palpable hit told. The House laughed at Mr. Goschen's neat reference to Mr. Chaplin's famous race-horse, whose name recalled one of the most memorable and romantic of Derby Days.

The Government, strongly urged by Mr. Parnell and Mr. T. W. Russell alike to settle the pressing question of arrears of rent in Ireland, have acted with a certain inconsistency. When Mr. Parnell introduced his Bill on the subject, gaining the earnest support of Mr. Russell, Ministers joined Mr. Chamberlain in voting for Mr. Powell-Williams's amendment to the effect that no measure of the kind would be satisfactory "which does not at the same time deal with their (the tenants') debts to other creditors besides the landlords." But, if that be the case, does it not follow that the Government should introduce a Bill to give effect to this point?

Mr. Bradlaugh's aspirates may not equal his aspirations. But the heterodox member for Northampton has beyond question materially improved his position in the House this Session. His first triumph was his notable victory in carrying his Oaths Bill by a large majority (250 against 150) on the Fourteenth of March, when Mr. Charles Darling made a useful and admirable maiden speech containing a suggestion Sir William Harcourt successfully counselled Mr. Bradlaugh to adopt. Then, on the Twenty-third of the same month, Mr. Bradlaugh, most effectively seconded by Mr. Louis John Jennings, pleaded for a termination of hereditary pensions, and prevailed upon Mr. Smith to accept the motion in a modified form. Clearly, we are progressing quickly under the businesslike leadership of the First Lord of the Treasury.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Popular sympathy continues to be directed, in this country as well as in Germany, to the illustrious family whose new Head, still labouring under a perilous bodily ailment, has recently been called to reign over the Kingdom of Prussia, and to preside as German Emperor over the political and military affairs of one of the most powerful nations in Europe. The personal interest of this situation being strongly felt, our readers will be disposed to accept with gratification a few additional illustrations of the domestic life of those Imperial and Royal personages; and the first which will attract notice, representing, in the German Artist's conception, an ideal family gathering in the Palace at Berlin on the occasion of the late Emperor's birthday, is the large Engraving that forms our Extra Supplement. Had the venerable Monarch been permitted to complete his ninety-first year—had his son, till lately known as the Imperial Crown Prince, not been absent from the Court on account of ill-health—had all been well and happy in the home-circle of the House of Hohenzollern, under the late patriarchal Sovereign, on March 22 this year, the scene depicted by this Artist would probably have been realised; and it is naturally adopted, under the present circumstances, to supply a memorial of that remarkable family, whose position has suddenly been altered by the old Emperor's death. Their home-circle is now broken; its aged Chief has been released from mortal cares, after services to his country greater in magnitude, as well as in duration, than those even of his most renowned predecessors in the last century; the widowed Empress Augusta mourns her bereavement in these days; the present Emperor, King Frederick III., is not yet able to appear in the Royal Court; and several of the Princes and Princesses are just now absent from Berlin. Nevertheless, to those acquainted with their mutual relationship, this picture of the members of the Imperial House who were living within the past month, and who might have come together, in a happy meeting once more, at the anniversary then seemingly approaching, must be highly interesting, and it is regarded by German sentiment with that appreciation of the value of domestic kinship which is characteristic of the race. The aged Emperor William and the Empress Augusta are seated at the small table, opposite to the Imperial Crown Princess Victoria, beside whom stands her good and brave husband, the Germans' "Unser Fritz," in the fulness of his manly strength, which we hope may yet be restored. His sister, the Grand Duchess of Baden, is the lady sitting in the foreground at the left-hand corner; his eldest son, Prince William, stands with his wife and children also in the foreground; and to the right-hand side of our Engraving stands his second son, the sailor Prince Henry, with Princess Irene of Hesse, the cousin betrothed to him. These are the persons in the company most likely to win the notice of our readers; but they will be pleased, too, with the figure of little Prince William, the old Emperor's great-grandson, in full military uniform, a precocious child-soldier of the Prussian Army, who seems to be playing at parade before the august and ancient master of the mightiest legions in Europe. Among other great-grandchildren of the Emperor in this numerous family party is the five-year-old boy, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, whose mother, the Crown Princess of



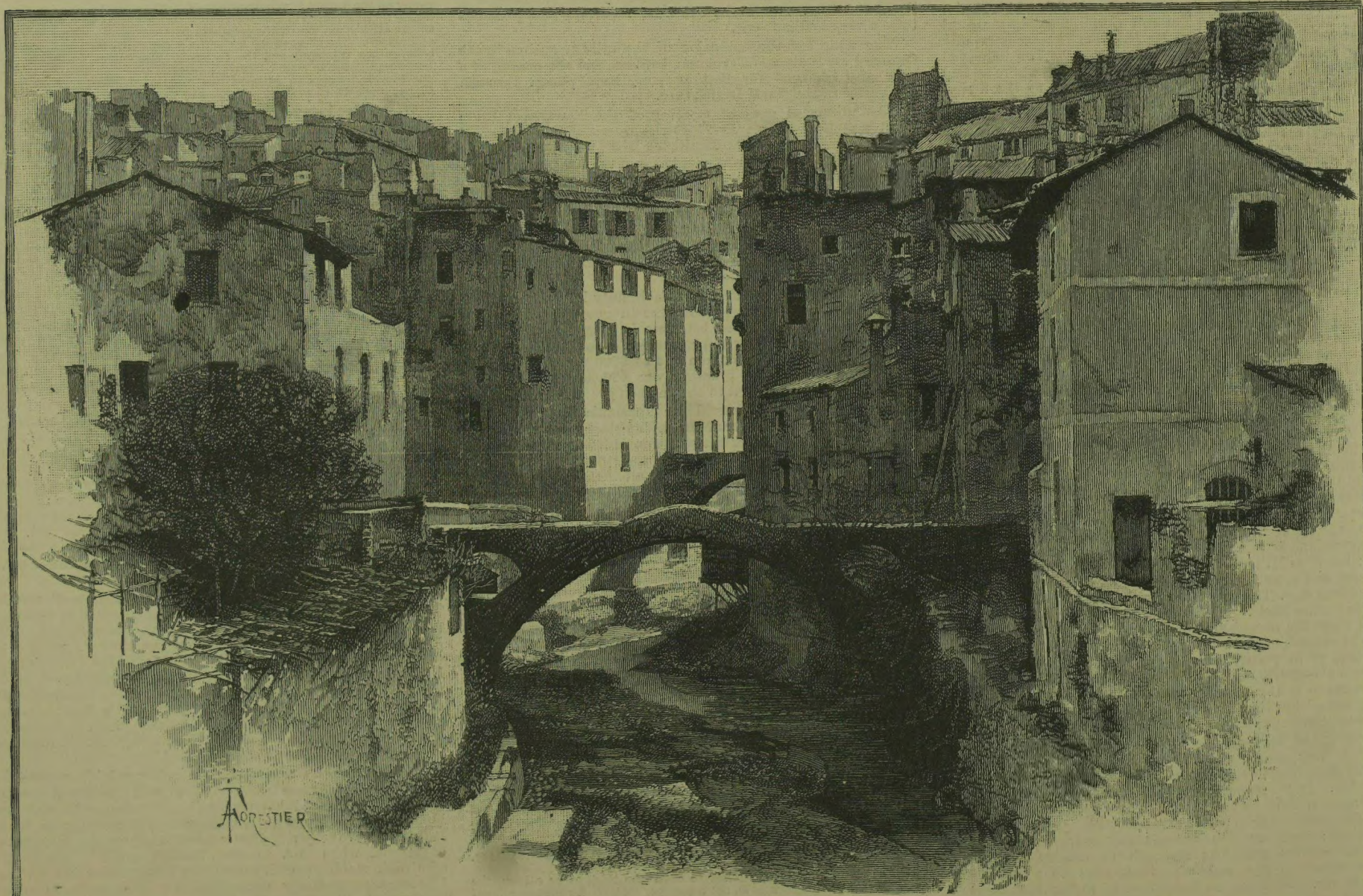
VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN,
(NOW THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA) IN HER INFANCY.

Sweden, is daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and whose name recalls memorable passages in the history of Protestant Germany more than two centuries ago.

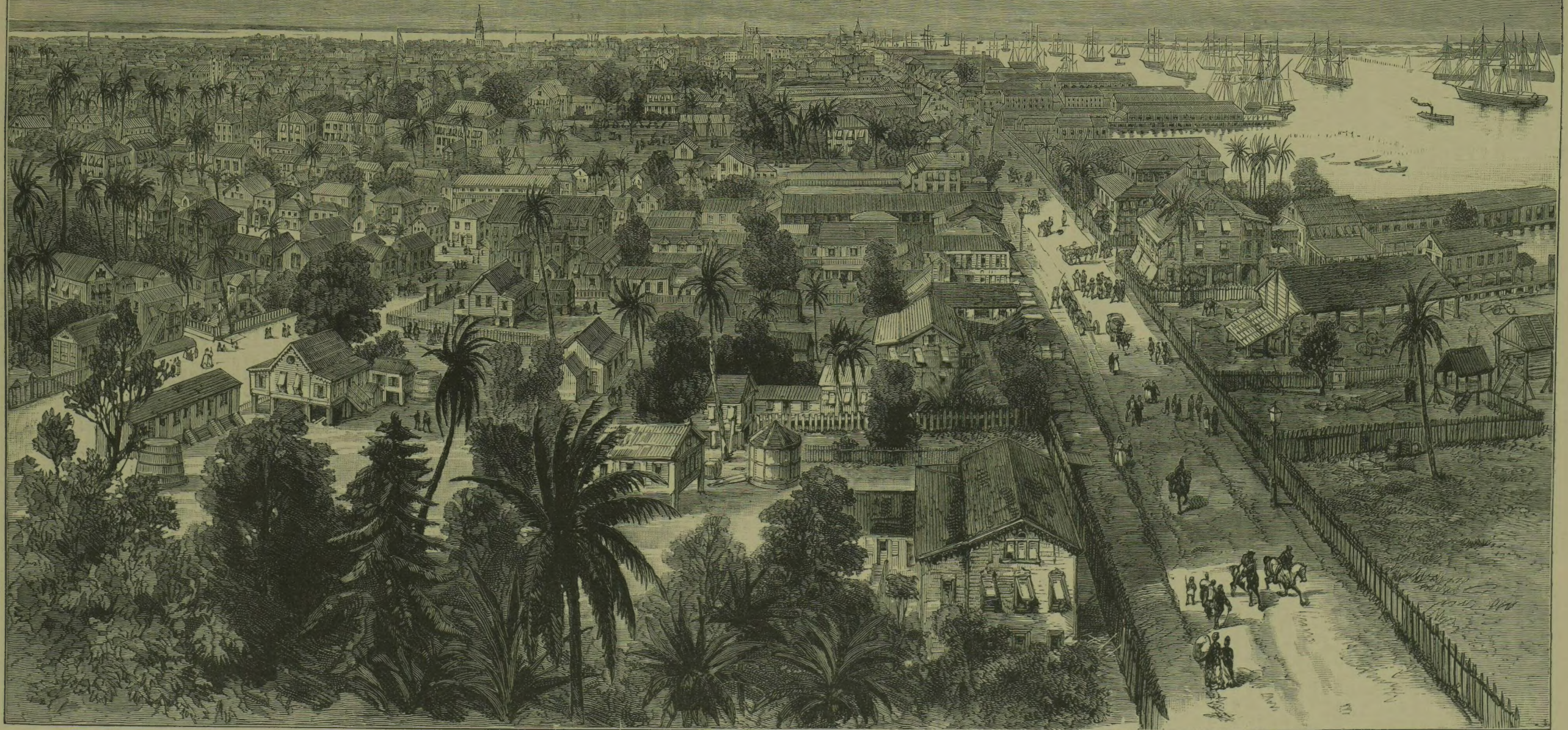
To the English people, who have so long cherished a frank affection for the family of their own beloved Queen, and to whom she, with equal confiding frankness, has communicated so many charming anecdotes of domestic life at Balmoral and elsewhere, in her published "Journals" and in the "Life of the Prince Consort," the portrait of her eldest child, the baby Princess Royal, a year after her birth, will be endeared by much tender recollection. This Portrait was painted by Mr. W. C. Ross, A.R.A., miniature-painter to her Majesty, was engraved on steel by Mr. H. T. Ryall, and was published, in December, 1841, by Mr. T. McLean, of the Haymarket. Her Royal Highness, born Nov. 21, 1840, became the wife of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, as all the world knows, on Jan. 25, 1858: and we take this opportunity of commending to perusal

one of the most delightful and truthful of biographical memoirs of Royalty. "The German Emperor and Empress, Frederick III. and Victoria; the Story of their Lives," is the new title of a fresh edition, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has promptly published, of Miss Dorothea Roberts's very engaging little book, at first called "Two Royal Lives," which was issued at Christmas, 1886. We may return to it on a future occasion; but its reproduction at this moment is singularly well-timed, and we advise everybody to get the small volume at once, and to learn by heart the correct account of all those instances of gracious, womanly, unaffected kindness, of benevolent activity, and of true practical wisdom, accompanied with highly cultivated intelligence, sound learning, and artistic accomplishments, by which her Imperial Majesty—the sweet little infant of 1841, the first-born of our Queen's family—has deserved universal esteem. In any country, and in any rank of life, the virtues and the behaviour of such a couple as Frederick and Victoria of Hohenzollern, now raised to the Imperial throne, would have earned the love and respect of all who knew them; and their private example is a pattern for every lady and gentleman in Europe. The authoress of this small volume is an Englishwoman who has twice visited Berlin, and has made it her business to obtain knowledge, in a proper manner, of what the Crown Prince and Princess were doing; she has followed their steps to charitable and educational institutions visited by them, such as the Pestalozzi-Fröbel House or Kindergarten, and the Victoria House and Nursing School; to the Victoria Lyceum, the drawing-classes of the Museum of Science and Art, and the "Lette-Verein" and similar establishments for the industrial training of women, which owe their success to the personal efforts of her Imperial and Royal Highness. These particulars were not so well known in England as her admirable conduct in the difficult position that she occupied at the Court of Berlin, amidst national and political jealousies affecting, perhaps in an equal degree, the credit of English principles and the reputation of her native country, and the known inclination of her husband to a Liberal and constitutional policy. In all respects, we are proud to believe, the English Princess Royal has proved herself a true Daughter of England, and of her wise, constant-minded, benignant, and prudent father, the late Prince Consort, the German Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose residence and labours in this country have bequeathed to us many solid improvements in our social life.

In the Palace of Charlottenburg, beyond the Thiergarten, on the west side of Berlin, the invalid newly-arrived Emperor, King Frederick III., has been residing since his return from San Remo. The Emperor and Empress inhabit the central part, under the dome of the north front range of buildings, which overlooks the gardens and the avenue to the Mausoleum. Adjoining the rooms now occupied by their Imperial Majesties, at the corner of the central quadrangle, where the covered Orangery forms the west wing of the buildings, is the private chapel, in which, on Sunday, March 18, they attended Divine service, and the arrangements of which are shown by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, in the Illustration on our front page. The window, partly open, at which the Emperor and Empress, with their immediate companions, are standing and looking into the chapel, belongs to a vestibule of the Royal apartments. The window-sill and ledge is hung with Oriental carpets



IN THE OLD TOWN, SAN REMO.



ACROSS TWO OCEANS: GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA—SKETCHED FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.—SEE PAGE 350.

of different patterns to the right and left; in front of which, on a short marble pillar, is a bust of Christ. The walls are adorned with elaborate carvings, and hung with massive drapery. Above the window is an immense Royal crown supported by two figures of angels, with two cherubs hovering below them, and surmounted by the orb, with its small cross, over which the Prussian black eagle spreads its wings—a decorative device for which the former Kings of Prussia must be considered responsible. The Royal Standard, a white silk flag, gold-fringed, emblazoned with the eagle, is also displayed. The Emperor is dressed in a grey

overcoat with red collar, and a tunic with red cuffs and brass buttons; he wears two small Orders on the right breast, and holds the Lutheran prayer-book in his hands. The Empress and the other ladies are in deep mourning, with large veils of crape. Behind the ladies, in the body of the chapel, are several officers in uniforms with epaulettes. On the altar-table, which is seen to the right hand in the front of this view, stand a white marble cross and a large candlestick; beside these lies the Bible. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Kögel, Court Chaplain, is reading the prayers; his sermon followed, which was a funeral discourse on the death of the

late Emperor. With the Emperor and Empress and their daughters, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, Prince Henry, the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his son and daughter, Prince Christian, and others, were present at the service.

The new German Emperor and Empress have begun their reign amidst painful anxieties, not indeed arising from the political condition of Germany, which is eminently satisfactory, but from the harassing uncertainty of a disease that has been supposed likely to threaten, at some not distant time, a life most valuable to mankind—a life involving the best apparent security for the peace of Europe,

for the prosperity, the harmony, the progressive liberties, of the States comprised within the modern German Empire and of its Austro-Hungarian neighbour. Our public solicitude for these great European interests cannot be separated from our profound sympathy with their Imperial Majesties in the severe trial which they continue to endure. To San Remo, therefore until the Emperor Frederick quitted the sunny shore of the Riviera, on March 10, we were perpetually looking, as though some crisis of the world's affairs were to be determined in the Villa Zirio; and one of our Artist's Sketches of San Remo is left as a parting token of our interest in the fair Italian seaside town.

This year's festival of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester will take place, at the first-named city, on Sept. 11, 12, 13, and 14; opening, as usual, with "Elijah," the next morning being appropriated to a selection from Handel's "Samson," followed by Sir Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata "The Woman of Samaria." On the Thursday morning Cherubini's grand mass in D minor and Sir F. G. Ouseley's "St. Polycarp" will be performed, the closing day (on the Friday) being, as customary, devoted to the "Messiah." The Tuesday evening's concert will include Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," the sacred performances of the next evening comprising the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation," Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam," a miscellaneous concert on the Thursday evening and a concert of chamber music on the final evening completing the programme. Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Enriquez, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton, are already engaged; Mr. J. T. Carrodus will again be the leading violinist, and Dr. Langdon Corborne will conduct the performances generally, that of Sir Arthur Sullivan's work, it is hoped, being directed by himself. If the programme is not remarkable for novelty, it is rich in variety and sterling interest, and calculated fully to maintain the high character of these festivals. The list of stewards already includes about 230 names, the largest number ever associated with a Hereford Festival.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, March 26.

General Boulanger has once more been the hero of the week. His journey from Clermont-Ferrand to Paris was accompanied by noisy manifestations, to which the General lent himself, and yesterday he was elected deputy by the Department of l'Aisne, although the committee of protestation, fearing defeat, had withdrawn his candidature. To-day, the Military Conseil d'Enquête met, to consider the case, at the Ecole Militaire; but the proceedings were kept absolutely secret, awaiting the meeting of the Cabinet Council, where the final decision will be taken by the Minister of War, in concert with his colleagues. The desire of the friends of M. Ferry—that is to say, of the Opportunists—is to have the General put on the retired list, and so render him legally eligible to Parliament. The idea is that the "brav' Général," after he has become a simple deputy, a mere unit in the Chamber, will disappear in the classification of conflicting groups, and then there will be an end of these plebiscitary manoeuvres. On his way to the Ecole Militaire, and on his return, General Boulanger was the object of manifestations of moderate importance, and was greeted with cries of "Vive Boulanger!" and "A bas Ferry!"

The result of the elections of yesterday was expected with considerable curiosity, if not anxiety, and the lesson is worth meditating on. Out of 104,000 votes in the Aisne, General Boulanger obtained over 45,000, thus heading the list for the ballotage next Sunday. In the Bouches du Rhône out of 77,000 votes, Félix Pyat obtained 40,000, and was elected, while General Boulanger obtained only 904. Here are two Departments of France which are dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, and one falls into the arms of a noisy General who wishes to be Dictator, while the other proclaims the Socialist and Communist Pyat to be the Saviour of society. Between these two extreme currents the course of the Republic does not seem to be as smooth and secure as might be desired. The Boulangists triumphantly celebrate these results, and now style themselves the "National Party," which they make to embrace both Pyat and Boulanger, because both are anti-Parliamentary, anti-Governmental, or, in other words, Revolutionaries. The elections of yesterday will give courage and confidence to all the elements of disorder that France contains, and the prospects of the Republic become consequently darker and darker. It is useless to be optimistic when in three elections a would-be dictator has obtained more than 100,000 votes, and when the revolutionary elements, whether Cæsarian or Anarchist, are united under the common title of the "National Party."

The French Academy has lost its senior member, M. Désiré Nisard, who died recently at San Remo at the age of eighty-two. M. Nisard was an eminent professor and an erudite writer, some of whose works will, doubtless, become classical, notably his "History of French Literature," and his vast publication in twenty-seven volumes of the Latin Classics with the French translation vis-à-vis. M. Nisard leaves two volumes of "Mémoires" on the men and events of his time.

There is discord in the French Société des Gens de Lettres, because the committee has refused to admit a young novelist, M. Lucien Descaves, on the ground that his works are unedifying. This society exists, it must be said, with a purely commercial end: it protects authors from piracy and collects the dues for the right of republishing their works. Thus during the past year 1028 journals were in relation with the society, and the amount of authors' fees paid by them was 310,658f. Furthermore, the society has a capital of nearly three millions of francs, and serves more than a hundred pensions to aged members. Refusal of admission to such an institution is a serious affair, and the men of letters have taken up arms against the committee, protesting against the pretensions of that body to judge the quality or morality of a candidate's work. The controversy is still raging.

On April 19 there will be opened at the Ecole des Beaux Arts an exhibition of an original nature—namely, the caricatures of the century. The show will comprise 650 paintings, water-colours, drawings, and lithographs from the days of Boilly, Isabey, Karl Vernet, and Bosio down to Cham and André Gill. The chief artistic interest of the exhibition will be the works of Daumier, Gavarni, and Henri Monnier.

In spite of the bad weather, the construction of the Universal Exhibition buildings is progressing rapidly; indeed, in its general lines the exhibition is ready, according to the words of M. Georges Berger. At a recent meeting, held under the presidency of the Minister of Commerce, M. Berger explained that in 1889 the number of French exhibitors would be greater than it was in 1878: at present the committee can count upon 29,000 French exhibitors. An anonymous donor has sent to the Minister of Commerce 100,000f., to be given as a prize for the most interesting work exhibited, "from the point of view of humanity," in 1889.

Paris will shortly boast a new museum of a novel character—a museum of religions. In the immediate vicinity of the Trocadéro a sort of vast Greco-Roman palace has been built, at a cost of two millions of francs. The interior contains a library, working-rooms, and galleries for the exhibition of idols and representations of various forms of religious worship classified by countries—Egypt, Assyria, China, Japan, India, Oceania, Gaul, &c. The central courtyard will be covered with glass, and arranged as a conservatory, where will be grown specimens of all the sacred plants and flowers, both terrestrial and aquatic. The idols, books, manuscripts, and other objects are given to the museum by M. Guimet, of Lyons, who also bears nearly the whole expense of the building and installation.

This morning the Court of Appeal acquitted M. Daniel Wilson and all his accomplices in the affair of the alleged traffic in the decoration of the Legion of Honour. T. C.

So far as his general condition is concerned the Emperor Frederick is just now in excellent health and spirits. He sleeps well, and his appetite is good. On Sunday, March 25, he attended Divine service in the private chapel, together with the Empress, all his daughters, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and the whole *Maison Militaire*. Afterwards he took a walk with his family and Sir Morell Mackenzie in the Orangery, and at one o'clock enjoyed a hearty luncheon. The Emperor was present on March 22 at a requiem service for the late Emperor, in the private chapel of the Charlottenburg. A memorial service was also celebrated in the Dom at Berlin, attended by the Empress Victoria and the Hohenzollern Princes and Princesses. An Imperial decree was published in Berlin on March 23, in virtue of which the Crown Prince is to act as the representative of the Emperor Frederick in the discharge of such State duties as may be entrusted to him by his Majesty. The German Reichstag have unanimously adopted the Address in reply to the Message of the Emperor, and also cordially approved a proposal to erect a monument to the late Emperor William. Both houses of the Prussian Diet have also adopted, without discussion, the Address in reply to the President's Message.—The will of the late Emperor William shows that his accumulations were much smaller than had been generally credited. The Berlin

correspondent of the *Standard* says the total of his savings does not exceed two and a half millions sterling. The larger portion of his property the late Emperor has left to increase the so-called "Crown Treasure," or general funds of the Crown, established by King Frederick William III., the late Emperor's father. The rest is to be divided between the Empress Augusta and the Emperor's two children, that is, the Emperor Frederick and the Grand Duchess of Baden. The Castle of Babelsberg, at Potsdam, and the Palace at Coblenz, are left to the Empress Augusta. In addition to these principal dispositions, the late Emperor has left numerous legacies.

We learn from the *Standard* correspondent at Athens that a small brass statue has been discovered there near the Acropolis Museum. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and the figure represented bears a close resemblance to the Apollo of Canachos in the British Museum. This statue is the best specimen of workmanship in brass that has yet come to light in the course of the excavations at the Acropolis.

Mr. Henry Irving gave his farewell performances in New York on Saturday, March 24, every seat and inch of standing room being occupied. The entire company, with the exception of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, sailed early next morning in the City of Richmond, going on board after the play. Mr. Augustin Daly, whose company is about to revisit London, gave Mr. Irving and Miss Terry a reception at Delmonico's on March 26. They sailed on March 28.—The death is announced, at Washington, of Mr. Morrison Waite, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A Reuter's telegram states that the resolution endorsing the recommendations made at the Conference of Provincial Premiers held at Quebec last autumn has passed the Legislative Assemblies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by large majorities. The Legislative Council of the latter province, however, condemned the recommendations by eleven against four votes, and advised the Queen not to assent to them. The Nova Scotian Assembly has passed the second reading of the Bill for the abolition of the Legislative Council.

A telegram from Calcutta on March 25 states that at the last meeting of the Legislative Council the Bill to amend the law relating to imprisonment for debt was passed. At the conclusion of the sitting the Viceroy, in bidding those present farewell, reviewed the work of the last four seasons. Seventy-three Bills, he said, had been passed, including the Bengal Tenancy, the Punjab Tenancy, the Punjab Land Revenue, the Rent, the Indian Marine, and the Debtors Acts. Last Friday evening an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Townhall there, for the purpose of presenting addresses to Lord and Lady Dufferin. The hall was artistically decorated, and the Viceroy and his wife were loudly cheered both on their arrival and on their departure.—The annual financial statement of the Indian Government for 1888-9 was published on Sunday in Calcutta.

Mr. T. W. Darlington, an assistant-master at Rugby School, has been elected Principal of Queen's College, Taunton.

Messrs. H. S. Tuke, S. Llewellyn, J. J. Shannon, H. M. Paget, J. Bromley, H. R. Hollingdale, V. P. Yglesias, L. Cowen, J. Smart, R.S.A., A. W. Strutt, and T. B. Kennington have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

At a complimentary dinner given to Sir Coutts Lindsay by the committee of the Grosvenor Gallery—the Earl of Wharncliffe in the chair—Sir Coutts Lindsay announced that he intended to carry on the gallery.

The Royal Commission on the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works has at length been appointed. It consists of Lord Herschell (president), Mr. Bosanquet, Q.C., and Mr. H. Grenfell, one of the Governors of the Bank of England.

Lord Brassey presided, on March 28, at the twelfth annual meeting of the Bethnal-green Free Library, in which there are now 35,106 volumes. Lord Brassey expressed his pleasure at the many opportunities now afforded of different classes showing what they could do for one another.

The general orders, commands, and distribution of the forces for the manoeuvres at Dover have been issued from the War Office. Major-General Montgomery Moore will be in chief command. The distribution of the forces shows a total of 13,551 of all ranks of Regulars and Volunteers.

A massive silver medal of John Wesley, by F. Carter, commemorative of the centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, has been presented to the Local Board of Sandgate, for the Collection of Art Treasures in course of organisation in that town, by Mr. Felix Joseph. This medal, which is a very rare one, was struck in 1839.

A large number of persons assembled on March 24 at Kennington Oval to witness the final contest arising out of the tie in the competition for the Football Association Challenge Cup. West Bromwich Albion gained the victory over Preston North End by two goals to one.

Despite the Government proclamation, Mr. William O'Brien addressed a meeting of the tenants of the Ponsonby estate in the Youghal Townhall at six o'clock on Sunday morning, March 25. In the afternoon he was about to make a speech to a large crowd in the open air, when the police and military interposed and dispersed the assembly.

The Duke of Northumberland presided on March 24 at the annual meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, at Willis's Rooms. The report stated that three new stations had been established, and there were now 291 life-boats under the management of the institution. The year's income had been £56,970, and the expenditure £74,162.

The authorities of the forthcoming French Exhibition have decided to make arrangements for the holding of conferences, and the reading of papers in the economic and social section, with a view to the dissemination of information on various questions of practical importance to the industrial classes of France and other countries. M. Léon Say is the president of the section.

The Turners' Company have given notice of their twentieth annual prize competition in turnery, which will be held, by permission of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House in October next. The exhibition this year will be in diamonds, glass, stone, and pottery. The prizes will be numerous. Details as to the competition can be obtained from Mr. Edgar Sydney, of 4, Hare-court, Temple.

A well-attended meeting in support of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund was held on March 22, at the Mansion House—Sir J. Whitaker Ellis presiding. Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., moved a resolution expressing sympathy with the objects of the fund, and the desire to support it, which was seconded by Mr. Lecky, and carried unanimously. The chairman announced that the Lord Mayor had consented to open a subscription list for the fund.

Recent experiments with carrier-pigeons have been so successful that it has been decided to establish a permanent postal service of them in the Russian army. Dépôts are to be established at once at certain specified fortresses and other places; and the whole are to be divided into four divisions, corresponding to the same number of lines of communication. For each line of communication there are to be 250 carrier-pigeons, making a total of 1000 birds.

OBITUARY.

MR. SEYMOUR OF KNOYLE.

Mr. Alfred Seymour, of Knoyle, Wilts, J.P. and D.L., died on March 15. He was born Nov. 11, 1824, the second son of the late Mr. Henry Seymour of Knoyle, whose grandfather, Francis Seymour, M.P., was brother of Edward, eighth Duke of Somerset. He received his education at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was M.P. in the Liberal interest for Totnes, 1863 to 1869, and for Salisbury, 1869 to 1874. He married, 1866, Isabella, widow of Mr. Beriah Botfield, M.P., of Norton Hall, Northamptonshire, and second daughter of Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., by whom he leaves one daughter, Jane Margaret. The Knoyle estate devolved on Mr. Alfred Seymour at the death of his elder brother, Mr. Henry Danby Seymour, M.P., Joint Secretary of the Board of Control, 1855 to 1858.

MR. THOROTON-HILDYARD.

Mr. Thomas Blackburne Thoroton-Hildyard, of Flintham Hall, Notts, J.P. and D.L., for many years M.P. for South Notts, died on March 19, aged sixty-six. He was eldest son of the late Colonel Thomas Blackburne Thoroton, who married Anne Catherine Whyte, niece and heiress of Sir Robert D'Arcy Hildyard, Bart., of Partrington, and assumed, in consequence, the surname and arms of Hildyard. The gentleman whose decease we record was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and sat in Parliament for South Notts from 1846 to 1852, and from 1866 to 1885. He was High Sheriff in 1862, and Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He married, May 3, 1842, Anne Margaret, second daughter of Colonel Rochfort, of Clogrenane, in the county of Carlow, and leaves issue. The eldest son, Thomas Blackburne Thoroton-Hildyard, late Rifle Brigade, is married to the eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry Herbert, of Muckruss, Killarney.

MR. GEORGE STORER.

Mr. George Storer, of Thoroton Hall, Notts, J.P., late M.P. for the South Division of that county, died on March 18, aged seventy-three. He was third son of the Rev. John Storer, Rector of Hawksworth, by Charlotte, his first wife, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wyde, D.D.; and was educated at Louth Grammar School, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was elected for South Notts in 1874, and sat in Parliament till 1885. He married, in 1859, Harriette Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Moffatt Palmer, of Horncastle, and widow of Mr. D. Manson, of Spynie.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Samuel Alexander Madden, C.B., late of the 51st Regiment, who saw much service in India. He was son of the late Rev. Samuel Madden, of Kells Grange, in the county of Kilkenny, and was born in 1824.

Major-General William Manley Hall Dixon, C.B., late R.A., formerly Superintendent of Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, on March 19, at Tharp Lodge, Hornchurch, Essex, aged seventy-one. He was eldest son of the late Major-General M. C. Dixon.

Lady Christian Maule, youngest daughter of William, first Lord Panmure, and sister of Fox, second Lord Panmure and eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, Kt., on March 21, at Park House, Wimbledon, in her eighty-third year.

Lady Annora Williams-Wynn, wife of Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, of Coed-y-maen, Montgomeryshire, and youngest daughter of the second Earl Manvers, on March 22. She was born Sept. 11, 1822, and married Aug. 18, 1853.

Mr. Robert Chambers, the head of the firm of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, the publishers, aged fifty-six. He was a son of the late Dr. Robert Chambers, who, with his brother, Dr. William Chambers, founded the firm.

Mr. Henry Robertson, formerly M.P. for Merionethshire, at his residence, Pale, near Corwen, on March 22, from paralysis of the brain. He was a prominent shareholder in nearly all the collieries, lead mines, and other works in the Wrexham district.

Mr. Walter Bache, on March 26, after a brief illness commencing with a chill caught a few days previously. In the musical world he was well known as the foremost disciple of Liszt, whose music he laboured unceasingly to present to this country in a manner worthy of his own high conception of its value. Mr. Bache was born in Birmingham, in June, 1842, and was the fourth son of the late Rev. Samuel Bache, Unitarian Minister of that town.

Mr. Thomas German Reed, at his residence, St. Croix, Upper East Sheen, in the county of Surrey, in his seventy-first year. He was the founder of the drawing-room entertainments so long given at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, and subsequently of St. George's Hall. In early life he married Miss Priscilla Horton, who, later, evinced a taste for extravagance of a more refined order, and, in 1854, after taking part in some of Charles Kean's Shakspearean revivals at the Princess's, she and her husband went about the country with a piece designed to allow parodies of different styles of singing in Europe to be introduced. Such was the beginning of the entertainments at the Gallery of Illustration, which, for some time, were supported by the talents not only of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, but of Mr. John Parry, Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Corney Grain.

Mr. C. E. Green has announced his resignation of the mastership of the Essex Hunt.

Louis Kossuth, the ex-Governor of Hungary, who has reached his eighty-sixth year, has written from Turin to a Deputy at Pesth stating that he feels his end is approaching.

It is announced that the steam-boat service on the Thames will be reopened early next month, and that arrangements have been made for the construction of a fleet of new vessels in every respect adapted to ensure an efficient service.

Mr. W. H. Cremer, jun., Regent-street, who claims to have first introduced Easter eggs into this country, has forwarded some samples of this year's productions. They are very neatly made, and contain some useful or ornamental trifle.

Mr. Henry Brougham Leech, Professor of International Law, Dublin University, has been appointed to the Regius Professorship of Civil Law in Dublin University, as successor of Judge Webb.

The anniversary festival of the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home was held on March 22, at the Hôtel Métropole—Sir Robert Fowler, M.P., in the chair; and, in response to his appeal, subscriptions were announced to the amount of £700.

Mr. Theodore Thorowgood has been appointed assistant-examiner to the Incorporated Law Society for the honours examination, in the place of Mr. Osbaldeston, deceased; and Mr. Thomas Webster has been appointed assistant examiner for the final examination, in the place of Mr. Thorowgood.

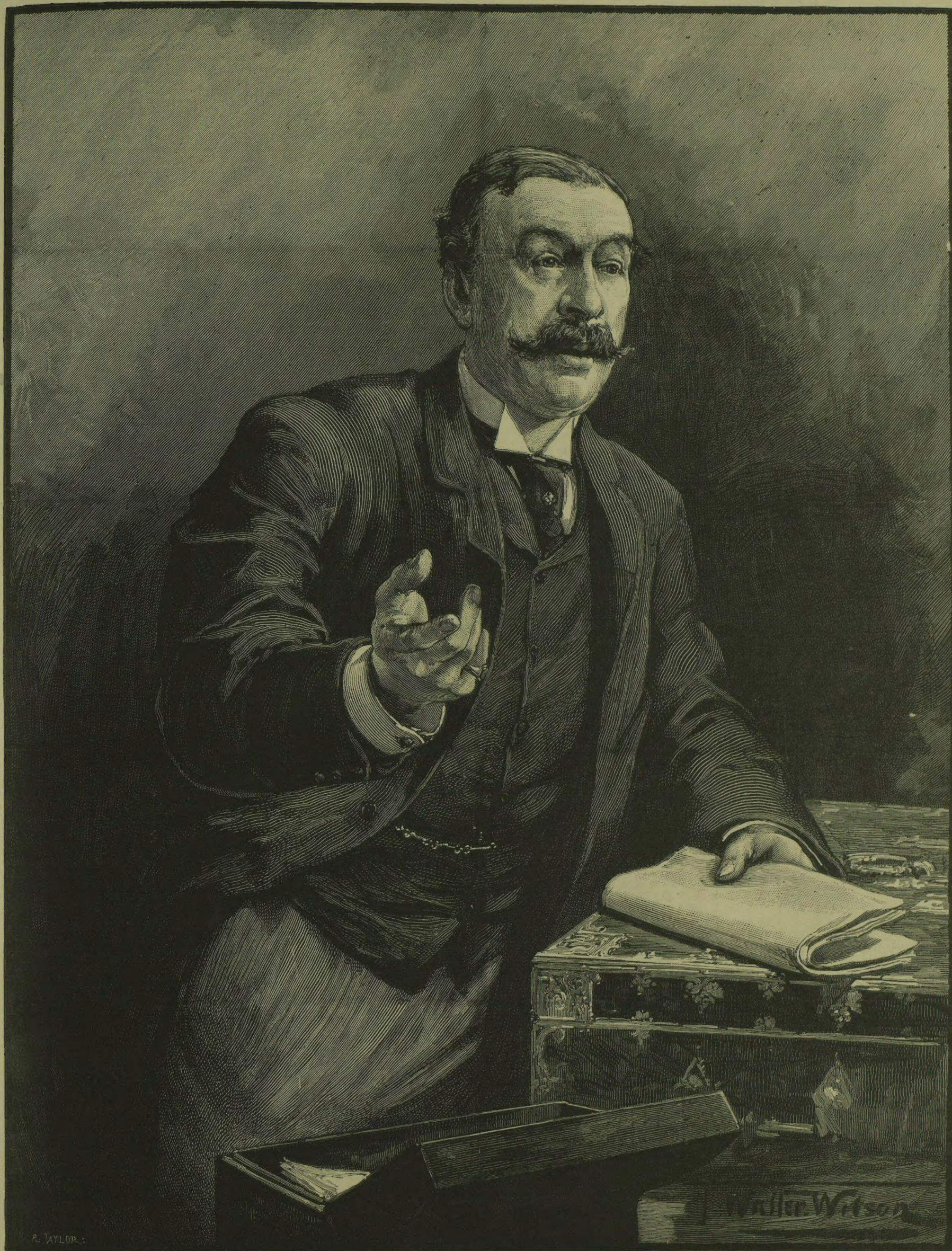
The annual statement giving an account of the receipts and disbursements of the Duchy of Cornwall for last year states that the total receipts were £99,315; out of these payments were made to the Prince of Wales for his own use amounting to £60,290; and after payment of certain expenses there remains a balance in the hands of the agents of £9051.



AORESTIER

PHAMANN

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: SUNDAY MORNING IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



MR. RITCHIE INTRODUCING THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

The "Silent Member" described in our last how clearly the Right Hon. Charles Thomson Ritchie, the remarkably good President of the Local Government Board, explained the complicated details of the great County Government Bill in the House of Commons on Monday, the Nineteenth of March. Mr. Ritchie is portrayed as he appeared whilst making this luminous speech, which occupied two hours and twenty-five minutes in delivering. Long recognised as one of the ablest of the younger members of the Conservative Party, Mr. Ritchie had distinguished himself by his energetic administration at the office of the Local Government Board, and may be said

by his masterly exposition of the most important measure of the Session to have completely justified the confidence reposed in him by the Prime Minister and Mr. W. H. Smith. Son of the late Mr. William Ritchie, of Rockhill, Forfarshire, Mr. Ritchie was born at Dundee in 1838. He represents the St. George's in the East Division of London in Parliament. His first experience as a Minister was gained in 1885, as Secretary to the Admiralty. In Lord Salisbury's second Administration, Mr. Ritchie became President of the Local Government Board; and the right hon. gentleman has since joined the Cabinet. Mr. Ritchie plainly

showed in playing the trump-card of the Ministry that he has a firm grasp of the whole question of the local government of the country, which it is the object of his Bill to reform, so far as England and Wales are concerned, by the simple extension of the Municipal Corporations Act to counties, each of which would be administered by a county council, London forming a county by itself and having a central governing council in lieu of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. Ritchie has indubitably vastly enhanced his Parliamentary reputation by the introduction of this comprehensive and liberally conceived measure.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1887) of Mr. William Webster, late of No. 9, Lee-terrace, Lee, Kent, contractor for the Thames Embankment and many other public improvements, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on March 20 by Mrs. Anne Webster, the widow, and William and Edwin Webster, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £131,000. Subject to the bequest to his wife of £500, all his jewellery and trinkets, and household furniture and effects to the value of £1000, the testator leaves all his property to his children, the shares of his sons to be half as much again as those of his daughters. He recites that he has made settlements on his wife.

The will (dated June 17, 1887) of Mr. William Cutt, late of Harrogate, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on March 20 by Mrs. Mary Cutt, the widow, James William Longfield, and William Richard Horner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths £300, all his furniture, silver, pictures, carriages and horses, and the use for life of his residence, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Cutt; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, but charged with the payment of annuities of £100 each to his sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Haigh and Mrs. Hannah Mawe. On his wife's decease, he gives £2000 each to his ten nephews and nieces; and the ultimate residue between his brother, George Cutt, and his sisters, Mrs. Ann Hough, Mrs. Hannah Mawe, and Mrs. Elizabeth Haigh, share and share alike, as tenants in common.

The will of Mr. George Edward Eyre, of Warrens, Wilts, and of No. 59, Lowndes-square, London, who died on Nov. 24 last, has just been proved by Mr. G. E. B. Eyre, the son, Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, and Mr. F. M. E. Jervoise, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £83,000. The testator bequeaths to each of his three daughters immediate legacies of £500; to his two sisters, to his son-in-law, F. M. E. Jervoise, and to his executor, G. A. Spottiswoode, legacies of £250 each; to the two brothers of his late wife and to his agent, Giles Westbury, £100 each; and smaller legacies to certain personal friends, clerks, and servants. The will further provides that two daughters of the testator shall receive such a sum as will be equal to the sum payable under the policies of assurance on his life, settled upon a third daughter, Mrs. P. E. Wigram, on the occasion of her marriage (less, in the case of Mrs. Jervoise, the cash value at the testator's death of the funds settled by him on her marriage), and that the unmarried daughter shall have, in addition, the leasehold house, 60, Eaton-place. An annuity of £100 a year is left to a grandson, G. Wigram, until he shall attain the age of twenty-one. All legacies to be paid free of duty, and any insufficiency to be made good out of the real estate of the testator, which is devised to his son, G. E. B. Eyre, who is appointed residuary legatee.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1879), with a codicil (dated Feb. 4, 1879), of Mr. Charles Genge, late of The Lindens, Sydenham-road, Croydon, who died on Feb. 13 last, was proved on March 17 by Frederick Peterson Ward, Edward Henry Eldrid, and Walter Henry Hindley, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator confirms the settlements on his daughter and two nieces, Jane and Charlotte Genge, and bequeaths £1000, all his furniture and effects, and the use of his house, The Lindens, for life, to his daughter, Mary Standard Genge; £1000 each to his said nieces; £500 each to his nephews, William, James Charles, and George Genge, and his nieces, Barbara and Charity Martin; an annuity of £200 to his brother, William, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to three fourths thereof, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary, for life,

and at her death to her children, and the remaining one fourth thereof to be divided into ten parts, and one of such parts paid to his said daughter every year.

The will (dated May 7, 1885) and two codicils (dated Sept. 7, 1885, and Oct. 15, 1886) of Mrs. Catherine Gaston, late of Redclyffe, Torquay, Devon, who died on Jan. 12 last, were proved on March 15 by Lieutenant-Colonel George Hutchinson, C.B., C.S.I., the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to Miss Ethel Watts; £2500 to her godchild, Emily Catherine Montgomery Rutherford; £100 to the Vicar of St. Luke's, Torquay, for the benefit of the poor; £50 each to the Infirmary, the Homeopathic Dispensary, the Errand-Boys' Institution, the Nurses' Institute, and the Naturalists Society—all at Torquay; and numerous legacies and annuities to friends and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her godchild, Emily Catherine Montgomery Rutherford.

The will (dated April 14, 1875), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1880), of Mr. Arthur Hibbert Bradshaw, formerly of Manchester, but late of No. 38, Kensington Gardens-square, who died on Feb. 22 last, at Torquay, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Bradshaw, the widow, and Alwyn Francis Sapte, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. Subject to the bequest of £500 and his household furniture to his wife, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1883) of Mr. Howel Gwyn, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P. for Penryn and Brecon, late of Dyffryn House, near Neath, Glamorganshire, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on March 19 by Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Gwyn, the widow, and Mr. James Inskip, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Llandaff Church Extension Society and the Clergy Charity, Llandaff; £100 each to the Swansea Hospital, for the support of Alderman Davis' Schools at Neath, and for the support of the National Schools at Bryncock; and £300, upon trust, for the poor of Neath, the income to be distributed in bread and blankets at Christmas-time; and other legacies. He creates a rent-charge of £300 on his Carmarthen estates in favour of his niece, Elizabeth Anna Lloyd, and, subject thereto, he devises all his estates in Carmarthenshire, Breconshire, and Glamorganshire to his wife, for life, and at her death, to Joseph Edward Moore, for life, with remainder to his eldest son in tail general. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, her heirs and assigns, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1887) of Charles Shrimpton, M.D., late of No. 11, Wellswood Park, Torquay, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on March 7 by Stamford Felce, and Sarah Caroline Gribble, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. Subject to a conditional annuity of £100 to his nephew, Henry James Gribble; an annuity of £100 to his cousin, Mrs. Emily Lysett; and legacies of £500 each to his executor, Stamford Felce, and his nephew, Frederick Gwynne Gribble, the testator leaves all his property to his niece, Sarah Caroline Gribble, absolutely.

The will (dated May 2, 1884) of Mr. Daniel Thomas, late of Penylan, Cardiff, who died on Dec. 9 last, was proved on Feb. 17, at the District Registry of Llandaff, by Alfred Thomas, M.P., the son, and Benjamin Lewis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testator gives all his furniture, plate, glass, live and dead stock and farming implements, and all money at his bankers', to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Thomas. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life, and, at her death, to his children, Alfred, Joseph, William, Margaret Sophia, Sarah, and Mary Ann.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The mourning Drawingroom was nearly as bright as an ordinary one, almost all who attended wearing white, with trifling indications of "black ribbons." As it is "an ill wind that blows nobody good," the Whitby jet miners and workers have found cause to be grateful for the stimulus given to their trade by Court mourning with a Drawingroom in the midst of it. Jet has lost favour very much in recent years in consequence of the market having been flooded with cheap imitation stuff made abroad, and sold in England with the audacious label "warranted real Whitby jet." This imitation is extremely brittle, and people found their ornaments, bought as jet, but really composed of the imposture, so perishable that jet obtained "a bad name." There is an end to this difficulty of the Whitby workers, however, in the Merchandise Trade Marks Act passed last session, which renders frauds of the kind mentioned punishable with heavy fines and confiscation; so that the producers of the real thing are in hopes that their manufacture may again become as popular as its lustre and its lightness deserve. A newly invented method of fixing jet on a metal foundation, obviating the stringing it on elastic, which is so perishable, and allowing bracelets to be clasped just like gold ones, will make those ornaments more acceptable. One way to tell real jet from the fabrication is by testing its electrical powers, which are said, by-the-way, to make jet bracelets preventive of rheumatism. If the genuine article be rubbed for a moment or two, it develops sufficient electricity to hold up scraps of tissue paper or threads of silk, which jump to the jet and cling to it like a needle does to a magnet. Jet is dug out of the cliffs near Whitby, and is in many ways an extraordinary and interesting substance. For evening wear it is so becoming that it is a pity it is associated with mourning.

Miss Mary Davies, the well-known singer, was married, in London, on March 22, to a Bangor gentleman of her own name, though in no way related to her family. This is a most fortunate arrangement for her, as she will remain "Mary Davies" without question or difficulty, and without being in the painful case—in which many of her professional sisters are—of using an alias. If I should write that on the occasion of the wedding, Mrs. McKinlay wore a plum-coloured velvet dress trimmed with gold passementerie, and Mrs. Williams wore blue cloth trimmed heavily with bead passementerie to match, and a picture hat with daffodils, and so on, not one in a thousand of my readers would know, with the married names of these ladies, to whom I referred. But when I say that Madame Antoinette Sterling and Madame Marian McKenzie were costumed thus and thus—why, there is a wide public interested, as already knowing those popular singers by sight and by reputation. My own view is that there is nothing really gained by ladies whose names have a commercial value, and therefore cannot be entirely given up on marriage, taking a new name in any degree. Surely a name is a mere question of convenience. In our own country, it is the custom for widows of titled men, when they re-marry with plain "Mr." Somebody, to retain their first husband's name in its entirety for the sake of the title; as, for instance, in the Will Column of *The Illustrated London News*, three weeks back, I perceived recorded the will of "Lady Francis John Russell, wife of Mr. J. Loraine Baldwin." If a husband does not object to his wife retaining the name of a deceased husband, if he sees no disrespect to him in this, no denial of his proper conjugal position—how can a man object to his wife continuing to keep the name which is her very own, and which her gifts have made widely known, and therefore of importance? It is a shockingly snobbish idea that a titled name is to be retained as a matter of course, and one that is made important by personal power is to be given up. If I find a gentleman who fails to recognise the cogency of the reasons for women in some cases keeping their own names in married life, I always ask him how *he* would like to take his wife's name when he got married, and sink himself under an entirely fresh cognomen? This appeals to all fair-minded men, who feel that they would *not* like it, even if they have done nothing at all in the public eye; while the man who has painted his successful picture, written his popular book, or obtained recognition for his special ability in any sort of public work, must realise the loss and inconvenience of a change of name more vividly. It would be quite a mistake to suppose that this idea is a mere "fad" of mine. Women-singers, artists, and writers, do generally feel very strongly the inconveniences of either losing their little share of "name and fame" or of using an alias. When I first heard of Miss Mary Davies' engagement, I was in a little group of five women-singers, and the feeling of her great good-fortune in marrying so as not to meet with this difficulty of losing her name was very strongly expressed by them all.

The wedding-party included a great number of professional singers, many of them Welsh, like bride and bridegroom, and they filled the church with a wedding hymn in their native tongue, making a wonderful volume of sweetest sound. Four Welsh artists, Misses Mary Owen and Eleanor Rees and Messrs. Hirwen Jones and Daniel Price, sang very finely Bennett's quartette, "God is a Spirit"; and there was an English hymn also. The vows were taken in Welsh by both bride and bridegroom. The bride's dress was a bodice and train with an outside ruche of rich white faille Française, with a draped tablier of white nun's veiling, orange-blossoms for garniture and wreath, and a tulle veil over the face. Her two sisters were her only bridesmaids, and they had very pretty dresses of white pongee silk, with sashes of gold silk reaching to the hem of the dress; the necks were cut out square, and filled in with finely tucked Indian muslin, which was surrounded by strips of white embroidered with gold. Their hats were white, broad and crinkle-brimmed, or "picture" ones, of the same silk, with trimmings of daffodils, which golden flowers also composed the bridesmaids' bouquets.

Lady Dilke took the chair on Friday evening last at a meeting called by the Women's Protective and Provident League to form a Union of the Scientific Dressmakers, who now number many hundreds. About three hundred attended the meeting. It is very doubtful whether men's trades unions have, on the whole, conduced to the workers' own benefit; but, as regards women, there can be little danger at present of any sort of mischief arising from union, while there must be much benefit. The unions which already exist in several women's trades are not strong enough to counsel useless and mischievous strikes, such as have from time to time caused misery to working-men, and have helped to drive trade away from England. But these women's unions, on the other hand, do fulfil all the valuable functions of such combinations. Union enables the workers to know where work is to be had, and to form a judgment about the market price of their services. It is, too, as Lady Dilke pointed out in a very graceful and sympathetic speech, of the nature of insurance, a small subscription paid regularly entitling the members to an allowance when out of work or sick, and providing a sum for funeral expenses at death. These are the legitimate uses of unions, and employers themselves may fairly be invited to support the Women's Protective and Provident League which seeks to establish such associations among self-supporting women.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

D. OF M.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.		DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.												HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.	
		Rises.	Souls at Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Morn.	Before Sunrise.						After Sunset.						London Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.			
							O'Clock.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Morn.	Aftern.	Morn.		Aftern.
M.	W.	H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1	S	EASTER SUNDAY	5 36	3 46	6 33	Morn.	8 31													4 53	5 16	1 58	2 18	92
2	M	Richard Cobden died, 1865	5 34	3 27	6 35	0 40	9 16													5 38	6 3	2 41	3 3	93
3	Th	Richard, Bishop	5 32	3 10	6 37	1 44	10 10													6 28	6 56	3 28	3 53	94
4	W	Oxford Easter Term begins	5 29	2 52	6 38	2 37	11 10													7 26	8 2	4 21	4 51	95
5	Th	Dr. Letheby died, 1870	5 27	2 34	6 39	3 18	Aftern.													8 41	9 26	5 27	6 6	96
6	F	Length of day, 13h. 16m.	5 25	2 17	6 41	3 53	1 21													10 13	10 55	6 51	7 38	97
7	S	Prince Leopold born, 1833	5 23	2 0	6 42	4 22	2 28													11 33	—	8 20	8 58	98
8	S	LOW SUNDAY	5 22	1 43	6 44	4 46	3 35													0 5	0 32	9 30	9 57	99
9	M	Lord Clatham died, 1773	5 20	1 27	6 46	5 8	4 41													0 55	1 15	10 20	10 40	100
10	Th	Easter Law Sittings begin	5 18	1 10	6 47	5 28	5 48													1 36	1 53	11 1	11 18	101
11	W	Peace of Utrecht, 1713	5 16	0 54	6 49	5 47	6 50													2 8	2 25	11 33	11 50	102
12	Th	Prince Frederick of Prussia born, 1806	5 13	0 39	6 50	6 8	7 56													2 39	2 55	—	0 4	103
13	F	Handel died, 1759	5 10	0 23	6 52	6 31	8 59													3 9	3 24	0 20	0 34	104
14	S	Princess Beatrice born, 1857	5 7	Aftern.	6 54	6 55	10 2													3 40	3 55	0 49	1 5	105
15	S	2ND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	5 5	0 6	6 55	7 24	11 4													4 10	4 25	1 20	1 35	106
16	M	Battle of Culloden, 1746	5 3	0 21	6 57	7 50	Morn.													4 40	4 56	1 50	2 5	107
17	Th	Lord Seaton died, 1833	5 1	0 35	6 58	8 41	0 2													5 12	5 30	2 21	2 37	108
18	W	Cambridge Easter Term begins	4 59	0 48	7 0	9 31	0 54													5 50	6 11	2 55	3 15	109
19	Th	Lord Beaconsfield died, 1881	4 57	1 2	7 2	10 29	1 42													6 36	7 5	3 35	4 1	110
20	F	Siege of Derry, 1689	4 55	1 15	7 3	11 34	2 22													7 37	8 11	4 30	5 2	111
21	S	Bishop Heber born, 1753	4 53	1 27	7 5	Aftern.	2 58													8 53	9 39	5 36	6 18	112
22	S	3RD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	4 51	1 39	7 6	2 4	3 28													10 23	10 57	7 4	7 48	113
23	M	St. George	4 49	1 50	7 8	3 24	3 55													11 31	—	8 22	8 56	114
24	Th	Daniel Defoe died, 1731	4 47	2 2	7 10	4 46	4 22													0 1	0 26	9 26	9 51	115
25	W	St. Mark	4 45	2 12	7 11	6 12	4 48													0 49	1 13	10 14	10 38	116
26	Th	Princess Alice (of Hesse) born, 1843	4 43	2 22	7 13	7 38	5 16													1 36	1 56	11 1	11 21	117
27	F	French Army in Italy, 1859	4 41	2 32	7 14	9 2	5 46													2 18	2 41	11 43	—	118
28	S	Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789	4 39	2 41	7 16	10 22	6 22													3 3	3 26	0 6	0 28	119
29	S	4TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	4 37	2 50	7 18	11 32	7 7													3 48	4 13	0 51	1 13	120
30	M	London University founded, 1827	4 35	2 58	7 20	Morn.	7 57													4 36	5 0	1 38	2 1	121

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR APRIL.

The Moon is some distance to the left of Jupiter on the morning of the 1st. The planet is due south at 33 minutes after 3 a.m., and the Moon is due south 24 minutes later. She is near both Mercury and Venus on the morning of the 9th; but the Moon does not rise in the morning till nearly 8 minutes after 5 a.m. The Moon is near and to the left of Saturn during the evening and night hours of the 19th. She is very near Mars on the evening of the 24th, being to the right of the planet till about 10 p.m., when the planet will be a little south of the Moon; the planet will be due south, or on the Meridian, at 51 minutes after 10 p.m., and the Moon 3 minutes later; after this the Moon will be to the left of Mars. The Moon will be near Jupiter on the 27th and 28th, being near to and right of the planet till 1 h. a.m. on the 28th, when the nearest approach will take place, Jupiter being a little lower than the Moon. Both the Moon and Jupiter will pass the Meridian within one minute of each other, the Moon being the later, and after this the planet will be to the right of the Moon. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter	on the 3rd at 41 minutes after noon.
New Moon	" 11th " 8 " 9 in the morning.
First Quarter	" 19th " 52 " 11 " morning.
Full Moon	" 26th " 22 " 6 " morning.

She will be the farthest from the Earth on the 12th, and nearest to it on the 26th.

MERCURY is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 5h. 0m. a.m., or 36 minutes before sunrise; on the 5th at 4h. 55m. a.m., or 32 minutes before sunrise; on the 10th at 4h. 49m. a.m., or 29 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 15th at 4h. 41m. a.m., or 24 minutes before sunrise; on the 20th at 4h. 55m. a.m., or about the same time as sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 9th, and near Venus on the 14th.

VENUS rises on the 2nd at 4h. 59m. a.m., or 35 minutes before sunrise; on the 12th at 4h. 41m. a.m., or 32 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 22nd at 4h. 21m. a.m., or half an hour before sunrise; and on the 30th at 4h. 7m. a.m., or 28 minutes before the Sun rises. She is at her greatest distance from the Sun on the 2nd, and is near the Moon on the 9th.

MARS rises on the 1st at 7h. 29m. p.m., or 56 minutes after sunset; on the 8th at 6h. 47m. p.m., or 3 minutes after sunset. He sets on the 18th at 5h. 3m. a.m., or 4 minutes after sunrise; on the 22nd at 4h. 43m. a.m., or 8 minutes before sunrise; and on the 30th at 4h. 4m. a.m., or 31 minutes before sunrise. He is in opposition to the Sun on the 11th, and near the Moon on the 24th.

JUPITER rises on the 1st at 11h. 21m. p.m.; on the 10th at 10h. 44m. p.m.; on the 20th at 10h. 1m. p.m.; and on the 30th at 9h. 16m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 28th.

SATURN sets on the 1st at 3h. 28m. a.m.; on the 11th at 2h. 49m. a.m.; on the 21st at 2h. 10m. a.m.; and on the 30th at 1h. 37m. a.m. He is near the Moon on the 19th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the same day.

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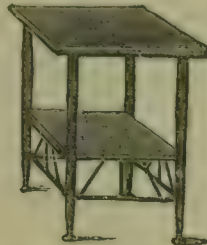
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THE LATE CAPTAIN RUPERT LONSDALE, C.M.G.,
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THE LATE CAPTAIN RUPERT LONSDALE.

The West African Colonial Government service has sustained a loss by the decease of Captain Lonsdale, C.M.G., who died at Liverpool on Feb. 28, from illness contracted on the Gold Coast, whence he had just returned. Rupert La Trobe Lonsdale was the fourth son of the late Captain William Lonsdale (4th King's Own), and a descendant of the Yorkshire family of Lonsdale, of Skipton-in-Craven. He was born at Melbourne, Victoria, in August, 1849, and entered the 74th Highlanders in 1868, having passed through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He served with that regiment at Gibraltar and Malta, until his retirement from the Army in 1874. He married, in 1875, Katharine, a daughter of the late Mr. John Russell, of Newforbes, Antrim. Shortly afterwards, proceeding to the Cape, he was appointed Special Magistrate for the district of Keiskamma Hock. He raised and organised a field-force in December, 1877, as Commandant of which he served throughout the Gaika Rebellion. He was appointed Commandant of the 3rd Natal Native Contingent in October, 1878. He raised "Lonsdale's Horse," and commanded that corps to the conclusion of the Zulu War. He accompanied Sir S. Rowe on special service to the Gold Coast, in 1881, and accomplished a political mission to Kumasi, Salaga, Yendi, and other districts, for which he received the thanks of the Secretary of State. He served, from May, 1883, to May, 1884, under the International African Association, in the Haussa country, and was appointed, in 1886, Interior Commissioner of the Gold Coast.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The election of a Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in place of the late Sir George Macfarren, resulted in the choice of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, one of the leading members of our rising school of composers. Dr. Mackenzie, although he has not been connected with any of our great music schools, is not without experience as a teacher, and, being himself an old and distinguished pupil of the Royal Academy, will no doubt throw his whole energy into the work of reform and regeneration. He succeeds to his important position at a comparatively early age, having been born, at Edinburgh, in 1847. He received his early musical education in Germany, and subsequently became a pupil of M. Sainton at the Royal Academy, where he was elected King's Scholar in 1862. His principal works are two operas, "Colomba" and "The Troubadour," both produced by Mr. Carl Rosa at Drury-Lane; an oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon"; a cantata, "The Story of Sayid"; the orchestral ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci"; and a violin concerto. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Jerrard, of Regent-street.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Knut Törnell, master of the Swedish brigantine Sylphide, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British ship Galgate, of Liverpool, whom he picked up at sea on Jan. 18 last, after the abandonment of their vessel on fire in the South Atlantic.

THE EXPEDITION FROM SIERRA LEONE.

We are informed by Messrs. F. and A. Swanzy, African merchants, of London, from their agents at Sierra Leone, that Major Festing, her Majesty's Commissioner to Almami Samodu, on Jan. 18 started from Freetown, on the expedition ordered by the Imperial Government, accompanied by a retinue of about one hundred persons. He would reach Rotombo, on the Sierra Leone river, the same evening; and would continue his journey by water to Port Loko, whence he would begin his long march into the interior, to the Sofa country, a land as yet unknown to the white man. The first important halt would be made at Bumban, distant about eighty miles from Port Loko, which is forty miles by water from Sierra Leone. Much confidence is felt in the success of this expedition, under so able and experienced an officer.

Major A. Morton Festing, late of the Army Pay Department, is Assistant Colonial Secretary and Treasurer at Sierra Leone, West Coast of Africa. He is the second surviving son of the late Captain B. M. Festing, K.H., R.N., an old Trafalgar officer, and is brother to the late Major-General Sir Francis Worgan Festing, K.C.M.G., C.B., of the Royal Marine Artillery, who distinguished himself in the Ashantee War of 1874. Major Festing entered the old Commissariat in April, 1854, and was posted to the Army Pay Department, which owes its existence to his exertions.

Almami Sanankoroh, otherwise called Almami Samodu, a powerful native ruler, is the son of Lamfia Ture, and was born



MODE OF TRAVELLING IN SIERRA LEONE.

in Sanankoroh, the capital of the Koniak district of West Africa, situated in a tract of country lying between lat. 9 deg. and 10 deg. N., and long. 9 deg. and 10 deg. W. He is a Mandingo, and about forty years of age, and his family is superior to most of the families in his country. He visited Sierra Leone as a trader some years ago. Being of a studious and inquiring nature, he became a pupil of some of the learned priests of the Mohammedan religion in his native place, and afterwards in Kankan, in the Baté district. Acquiring some knowledge of Arabic and of the Koran, he gathered around him many followers, and called on the pagans in his own country, and among the surrounding tribes, to renounce their ways and adopt his religion. He grew too powerful for the King, Almami Ibrahim Sisi, whom he defeated and took prisoner, deposed him, and reigned in his stead. Since 1878, King Samodu has made extensive conquests, and has enlarged his dominions on all sides, annexing the territories of Trong, to the west, Kolonkala or Kolakonta, to the north, Baté, Sankaran, Baleya, Madina, Bambara, Wassulu, Sulimah, and the remaining parts of Mandingoland, including Bouré, a small province to the east, which is rich in gold. He has repeatedly been invited to lend his aid to one or another party in the civil wars of those provinces, which have usually ended in establishing his own sovereignty over them. His latest exploit, in 1885, was to march on Samayah, the capital of Tambaka, and to chastise the marauders who were frequently attacking and plundering traders on their way to the sea coast. It is evident that Samodu is apparently a man of no common ability. Towards the colony of Sierra Leone he entertains peaceful intentions, for he is desirous of cementing his friendship with the English, and of opening up trade with his country.

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PRINCESS SARAH. By the Author of "Bootsie's
Baby," &c. Chaps. VII. IX.
DAVOS. By Gilbert Macquoid.
INSIDE A BRAIN. By Alfred Schoff, M.D.
NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.
OXFORD HOUSE AND TOYNBEE HALL. By F.
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London: 56, Paternoster-row; and of all Newsagents.

THE GLASS AND CERAMIC COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM.

The newly completed east wing of the British Museum build-
ings, the cost of which, and of other additions to that great
national institution, was defrayed by the munificent legacy
of Mr. William White, contains the gallery of artistic glass
ware and ceramic ware, and the valuable collections presented
by Mr. A. W. Franks, keeper of the department, and others; a
few specimens of which are represented in our Illustrations.
Among the most striking are the Spanish wares, which are
the direct ancestors of majolica: Hispano-Moresque, Siculo-
Moresque, and Siculo-Arabian are terms applied in turn
to the golden-tinted dishes of the Peninsula; but the
respective claims of Malaga, Valencia, and Sicily, have
not yet been settled. The more recent Spanish wares
of Alcora and Triana have received some important addi-
tions, by gifts from Lady Charlotte Schreiber, and from
Mr. Franks, who has also given a fine dish with a bust of
Marcus Regulus, the drawing of which is evidently by an
Italian hand of no mean skill. Among the Damascus and
Rhodian wares are recent donations by Mr. Drury Fortnum,
which deserve special notice. One of these, a lamp from the
Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, is most beautiful as regards
form and decoration; while its value as a museum piece is
greatly increased by the fact that it bears the date of its
manufacture, 1549, in which year it was painted by "the poor,
the humble Mustafa." Mr. Fortnum gave, before the Society
of Antiquaries, an account of the fortunate chance that led to
his securing this splendid specimen from the mosque.
The glass collection, which nearly fills one side of the new
gallery, as well as six central cases, has received no specimens

of much importance since it was last seen on the other side of
the building. The valuable collection of fragments of antique
glass given by Mr. Franks serves to show the infinite variety
of pattern and design produced by the Roman glassmakers.
In the "English Ceramic Ante-room," adjoining one end of
the new gallery, will be found an entirely new collection of
pottery and porcelain. Of the former the greater part is from
the well-known collection of Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton;
while the porcelain is a recent donation by Mr. Franks, to
whose liberality the nation owes the large and valuable
collection of Oriental pottery and porcelain, in the
adjoining Asiatic Saloon. The quaint productions of the
English potters of the seventeenth century, of the kind
known as "slip ware," will probably be found a great
attraction for ordinary sightseers. The dishes, decorated
with Royal portraits, devices, and inscriptions, can only have
been intended as ornamental pieces, and not for everyday use.
The factories in Staffordshire and Kent which turned them
out were probably those in which earthenware vessels for
ordinary purposes were chiefly made. The large dishes bearing
the names of the potters were perhaps made to be given as
presents. The many-handled "tygs" and posset-cups, some
of huge dimensions, have names inscribed upon them, but
those of the owners.

BIRTH.

On March 21, at Wicken, Stoney Stratford, Lady Penrhyn, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On March 18, at Bellerive, Vevey, Switzerland, aged seventy-eight,
Madame Augustine Sillig, relict of the late Monsieur Edmond Sillig.
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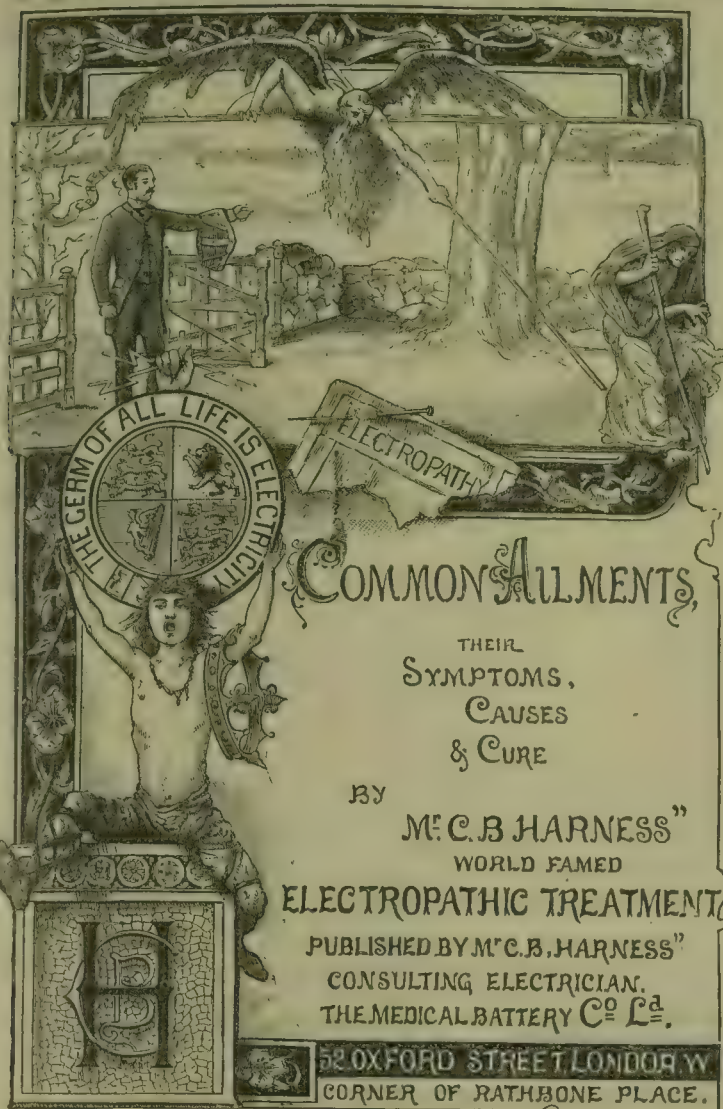
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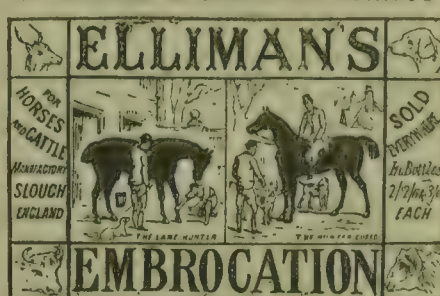
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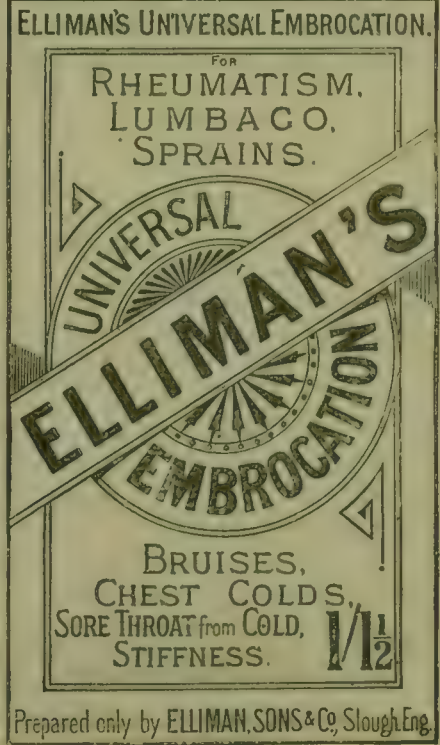


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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT. BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The Laird o' Roslin's daughter
Walked through the wood her lane,
When by came Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the King."

Next morning there was a welcome bustle of preparation, for the boat had been successfully brought along to Stratford and had now to be provisioned for the resumption of our voyage; likewise we had to write our last letters before bidding good-bye to civilisation and once more disappearing into the unknown. In the midst of all this, the door of our small sitting-room is opened, and Miss Peggy appears—just a little breathless.

"Say, now, what is your friend like?" she asks, with some eagerness.

"What friend?" says Queen Tita, looking up from her correspondence.

"Why, Colonel Cameron, of course. Is he very tall, and thin, and sandy-haired; with a small moustache, that has a streak of grey in it; and blue-grey eyes that look at you—well, as if they had seen you before?"

"Yes, that is rather like him—but what do you mean, Peggy?—he isn't come already, is he?"

"Well, it can't be he either," she continues. "He wouldn't think of going boating in a costume like that—a frock coat, and a tall hat, yellow gloves, patent leather boots—well, if it is your friend, he looks as if he had just stepped out of Pall-mall."

"But where did you see him?"

"Whoever he is, he is down below, in the hall."

"In this hotel?"

"Yes—and—and he looked at me as I passed him—as if he thought I might belong to your party—at least that was my fancy—I only saw him for a moment."

"Of course it is Colonel Cameron!" Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaims at once. "Go away down and ask him to come up, Peggy."

"Me?" says the girl, in some alarm. "Oh, I couldn't. I don't know him. There might be a mistake."

"Well, I suppose I must go myself," she says, putting back her chair; and therewith she leaves the room and proceeds downstairs to receive her new visitor.

"I say," observes Miss Peggy, with some disappointment, "if that is Colonel Cameron, he isn't like a soldier at all. He is just like one of those long-legged icicled creatures you see walking in St. James's-street, stiff and starched and polished to the very finger-tips and the toes, and looking at you with a cold blank stare of indifference. Well, this one isn't quite so glacial as that—no, not quite; but it looks odd to see a tall Pall-mall dandy standing at the door of a Stratford hotel."

"Do you know this, Miss Peggy, that if you only got a glimpse of him as you came by, you managed to bring away a pretty faithful portrait. There's not the slightest doubt that that is Sir Ewen Cameron; though what has brought him down in that guise goodness only knows."

There were voices without; the next moment Queen Tita appeared, followed by a tall, thin, sun-tanned person who carried his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other. When he was introduced to Miss Peggy, his eyes rested on her for a second with a kindly look—as if there had already been some slight acquaintance between them: no doubt he had guessed that she was of our party when she had passed him below. Then he sat down, and proceeded to explain that he had received our Manageress's telegram in London only the night before, and had come straight away down, the first thing in the morning, to see what was wanted of him. It was clear that her invitation had been too vague; and now when she informed him that we had a berth at his disposal, that we proposed to start at once, and that she hoped he would come along with us for such time as he could spare, he not only accepted her proposal with frank promptitude, but, also, he did not seem to think that so hurried a departure would involve any inconvenience. We should be coming to a town sooner or later? He could telegraph to Aldershot to have a few things sent along.

But, meanwhile, whither had fled our Peggy? She had suddenly gone out of existence—vanished clean away from us and disappeared; and in her place there was now an American young lady whom we could recall as coming in to us of an afternoon in London, to drink a cup of tea and listen with a grave courtesy to anyone who might be introduced to her. Alas! this was not our Peggy at all, with her mischief, and her wild ways, and her laughing frankness and good-nature; this was a kind of stranger, serious-eyed, and gentle, and attentive; Peggy had gone away from us, and in her stead here was Miss Rosslyn come again: Miss Rosslyn, who would henceforth behave so perfectly and faultlessly that these sylvan haunts we were about to enter would be deprived of half their witchcraft and diablerie. And had not the girl's own instinct been right? Ought we not to have gone away into these secret solitudes entirely by ourselves? Why introduce this new comer to chill the atmosphere, and rob these pastoral glades of all their charm? What had we to do with Camerons, and Lochiels, and pibrochs, and stories of the clans? We had no wish to hear anything "savage and shrill" in the Forest of Arden; we wanted to hear the grass grow—we wanted to hear the fairies blowing their cowslip horns in the dew-wet silence of the summer nights.

"But, you know, Sir Ewen," continued Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with much cheerfulness, "I cannot let you come with us unless you quite understand all the privations you will have to put up with. Don't you think you ought to go and see the boat; then you would know a little better what to expect?"

"But I heard all about your project before you started," said he, with a kind of gentle persuasiveness, "and I envied you. I never thought I was to be so fortunate as to be asked to join you; and now that I am here, I think your difficulty will be to get rid of me. Oh, I assure you I understand all the conditions of such a trip."

"Yes; but don't you think you ought to go and see the boat?" she says again. "Wouldn't it be safer? Miss Rosslyn has nothing to do just now—she could walk along with you and show you where it is."

This proposal was made in simple good faith; but the fright that it clearly caused Miss Peggy demanded instant interference.

"No, no; not at all; hurry up with your letters. Sir Ewen won't mind waiting a little while; and then we can all go along together."

"And in the meantime," said our Colonel, "if you don't mind, I think I will go out and see if I can pick up a few boating things—I suppose in a river-side place one may find what one wants. And which did you say was the next town you would come to?"

"Worcester."

"Then I will telegraph to Aldershot when I am out—I suppose I shall find you here when I come back."

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Miss Peggy was also allowed a little practice.

The moment he had gone, Mrs. Threepenny-bit turned to her young friend.

"Well?" she said, with a kind of pride.

But Miss Peggy answered nothing.

"Well?" she said again. "What do you think of him, Peggy?"

"Of course I don't know yet," said the young lady, evasively. "I thought he would look more like a soldier; he is like—like anybody else."

"Did you expect to find him wearing his Victoria Cross? Of course he came away just as he was. It is a soldier's pride to be able to start at a moment's notice. And I suppose he will get some of the Piccadilly look taken off before we set out—you may trust a Highlander to forage for himself. By-the-way, won't Murdoch be a proud lad when he hears that Colonel Cameron of Inverfask is going with us; we shall all have to wait upon ourselves now; it's very little attention any of us will get as long as Inverfask is on board."

"Murdoch won't forsake me," observed Miss Peggy, with significant confidence.

And yet with all our hurrying it was near mid-day when we were ready to start; but when we did get away our departure was most auspicious. There was a kind of general elation in setting forth; and then everything looked cheerful in the welcome sunlight; and there were warm, sweet airs blowing about; all promised well. Our Colonel had greatly pleased his hostess with his praises of the arrangements on board; he was delighted with everything; and especially surprised that he could stand upright in the saloon. Then Captain Columbus had been duly complimented on his success

in bringing the boat through; and Murdoch, who was at first rather overcome with awe on hearing the name of our new guest, had been driven out of his senses with pride and gratification when Inverfask was considerate enough to address a few words to him in his native tongue; and finally, at the very last moment, a messenger had come running down to the canal-side with a parcel, for which Miss Peggy had been anxiously inquiring since ever she came to Stratford.

"And what is that, Peggy?" asks her hostess, looking at the long thing that has just been handed into the boat.

"Guess."

"Some magical kind of sunshade, is it?"

"No; it's a fishing-rod—an American one; I sent for it a long time ago, and have been wondering whether it was ever going to arrive. They say our American rods are very good; I hope this one will turn out all right."

"And since when have you taken to fishing, Peggy?" she asks.

"Oh, it isn't for myself; it's for him," the young lady answers, indicating a not uninterested bystander.

"Oh, it's for him, is it! Well, he can't wear that at his watch-chain!" says Mrs. Spitfire; and therewith she withdraws into the saloon, to beg Colonel Cameron not to bother any more with those Ordnance Survey maps.

And so once more we are gliding on through the still, wooded landscape; and the larks are filling all the wide spaces of the air with their singing; and the sunlight lies warm on the hedges and fields. And this is Miss Peggy, who is perched up here astern, with more or less complete control of the tiller;

although, as she seems rather absent-eyed, one has to exercise a general sort of surveillance over her.

"Yes," she is saying, "it was an extraordinary experience. No one who has never been to Stratford could imagine anything of the kind, or could understand how completely Shakespeare occupies and possesses the whole place. It is all Shakespeare; he seems just to fill the town. When you come out of Stratford you come into England again. Now we are back in England."

"But you needn't imagine you are beyond the reach of Shakespeare associations yet, Miss Peggy," one says to her. "Do you see that stretch of country there? Shakespeare had the tithes of it, and was no doubt very prompt in collecting them, for he appears to have been an extremely businesslike person."

"What?—those actual fields!" she says, with quite a new interest.

"Those actual fields and slopes and woods. Over there is Welcombe, and we shall be at Bishopton directly. Now, wasn't it exceedingly generous of Francis Bacon to allow that fifth-rate actor to carry off all the profits of his plays—of Bacon's plays—and come away down here and buy tithes, and houses, and lands?—and yet they say Bacon himself liked money as well as most folk."

But Peggy betrays little interest in Lord Verulam; she is looking abroad over that tract of country as if it had acquired some new and mysterious value in her eyes.

"Didn't they talk at one time," she said, "of buying the house that Shakespeare was born in, and taking it over to America? As if that would have been of any use at all!"

"But that was a very small project," one says to her. "Haven't you heard of the new one, that is to signalise the Presidency of Mr. Cleveland? Oh, yes; it's all settled. A country so wealthy as yours can get what it wants; there is nothing that cannot be bought, if you will only pay the price; and they say the subscriptions are already pouring into the White House in streams. The petroleum men are determined to have it; and so are the pork men."

"But what are you talking about?" she says, coming back from that meditative survey of the distant landscape.

"Westminster Abbey. It has to be taken down stone by stone, and shipped across, and put together again over there, monuments and everything. I tell you your country is rich enough to buy anything it wants. Westminster Abbey has to go. It is to be taken over and set up again—in Milwaukee."

"Now you are talking nonsense. But what I say is this," she continues, facing round as if to deliver a challenge, "that if we haven't got Shakespeare's birth-place, and the town and the fields where he lived, at least his literary fame, his position as a poet, belongs quite as much to us Americans as it does to you."

"Really?" one says to this audacious minx; "well, it may be so; but it was a precious lucky thing for Shakespeare that the discontented people who went over to found your country—I don't mean Captain John Smith's rogues and vagabonds, but the Nonconformists—it was a precious lucky thing for Shakespeare that they hadn't their own way here in this country, or there wouldn't have been a single player allowed to ply his trade. And where would have been the buying of tithes then? And the purchase of New Place? And the conveyancing of messuages and tenements and orchards and gardens?"

"Why, what's that?" she exclaims suddenly, catching sight of something ahead.

"It looks like a series of gigantic steps and stairs, doesn't it?—but it is really a succession of locks. We have got to climb a hill, that's about all. And it will be a very tedious process. You'd better go inside and tell them we will have luncheon now, and send Murdoch out to take the tiller."

We found luncheon an admirable method of passing the time necessary to get through this great bunch of locks (though we could have dispensed with a little of the bumping going on outside); and now it was that Miss Peggy was brought more immediately into contact with our new guest, who had been informing himself of our probable route by the study of maps. But she was a little silent. She did not display towards him anything of the quiet self-confidence which ordinarily characterised her manner in the presence of strangers. Once or twice she glanced timidly at him as he was talking to Queen Tita; whereas her custom was to look straight at



There were dark glades and vistas between the trees, which, if one liked, one could people with all kinds of spectral figures.

people, especially if they were indifferent to her. Nor was there in her own conversation—with the person sitting next her—any trace of that careless wilfulness with which we had grown familiar. Where were her jibes now? She was distressingly well-behaved. And yet surely there was nothing in the manner or discourse of this tall and elderly soldier to strike dismay into a sensitive young soul: on the contrary, whenever the talk became general, and he looked across the table, as if addressing her also, his eyes seemed to regard her in a pleased and friendly fashion, as if they were saying, "Oh, yes; our acquaintance has been happily begun; we shall soon be friends—perhaps we are already."

And on this occasion, so far from playing Captain Bobadil, or magnifying his own profession, all his speech—prompted by a question of Queen Tita's about the possible intentions of the French Republic—was of the mischief wrought by newspapers in fanning national antipathies and goading nations into war. And here one was enabled to afford him unexpected corroboration.

"Wait a moment, Cameron; I have a story to tell you," says one of us. "Once upon a time there was a person—we will call him A.—maintaining that very position before a lot of people; and they wouldn't believe him. Very well: to convince them of the way in which mischief is caused by newspapers provoking quarrels, he said he would undertake, himself, to get up a perfectly brand-new international dispute in three weeks. Within three weeks, he declared he would have England and Germany at loggerheads—not England and Germany, of course, but the English and German newspapers, which fortunately is a very different thing. Well, first of all he went to a German friend of his, whom we will call B. 'Look here,' says he, 'let's get up a row between Germany and England about something or other. You'll start it in Germany, and I'll take it up here; and then they'll all be at it directly, for of course no one newspaper will confess that it doesn't know what is going on.' 'But about what?' says B. 'Oh, anything; never mind what. Say Germany wants Heligoland.' 'All right.' Then the worthy Herr Doctor—it is some years since, mind, and both A. and B. were younger when they played that prank—he proceeded to write a very pathetic article about Heligoland, and he made no scruple about altering the well-known old rhyme so that it ran—

'Fern ist der Strand,

Weiss ist der Sand,

Das ist des Deutschen Heligoland!'

That article was printed in a Cologne paper. Immediately afterwards there appeared in a London daily paper another article, saying that the long-cherished desire on the part of the German people for the acquisition of Heligoland was again taking voice; and that aspirations which had for so long been merely sentimental promised now to become a serious demand, that would have to be faced by English statesmen. Then appeared a second article in the Cologne paper calling attention to the manner in which England was regarding Germany's now formulated claim. Of course, by this time the other papers were not to be left out in the cold. The question of the cession of Heligoland to Germany was taken up everywhere; statements that it had been discussed at Cabinet meetings were made, and authoritatively contradicted; one weekly paper, with tears in its eyes, appealed to Germany not to misuse her newly-found strength in the prosecution of such an invidious demand, but said if she came forward in a peaceable way, and argued the matter upon moral grounds, then perhaps we might be persuaded to restore the island to the Danes. Descriptive articles began to appear; there were pictures of Heligoland in the illustrated papers; and discussion everywhere. What was the worth of it to England? What good would it do to Germany? Were German statesmen so arrogant that they must have this little bit of an island, just because they fancied it, and in spite of all considerations of history and race? What kind of argument was it to bring forward a bit of half-forgotten rhyme? The German journals said it was only a high-principled and sincere country like England

that could continue, with a satisfied conscience, to hold such alien possessions as Gibraltar, Heligoland, Cyprus, and Malta. One English paper said it was understood that our Foreign Secretary attached no great importance to our keeping Heligoland, and was not inclined to contest the claim, if Germany insisted; another had it on the very best authority that the Foreign Secretary had expressed no opinion whatever on the subject. And meanwhile, while all this was going on, A. and B. met every other evening at the Culturverein, and smiled a little—like two Augurs—over their Hochheimer and cigars."

"And what came of it all?" says the Colonel.

"Oh, nothing; it died away. The thunder rumbled off; but even now, from time to time, you may hear a faint echo of it; and just as likely as not you'll find that perverted rhyme cropping up at the same time—though sometimes they print it—

'Fern ist der Strand,

Weiss ist der Sand

Das ist das deutsche Heligoland!'"

"Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, regarding the girl with a world of meaning in her eyes: "they say that open confession is good for the soul."

And it is very likely that Miss Peggy would have answered with some remark equally impertinent, uncalled-for, and unjust; but that the presence of Colonel Cameron seemed to impose a wholesome restraint upon her. Indeed, she made no answer at all; she discovered that we were in the last of the locks; and her proposal that we should seize the opportunity to get ashore was unanimously and immediately adopted.

We now found ourselves on a considerable height; and all around us lay a richly-wooded country, the abundant foliage of which kept shimmering or darkening as the slow-moving sun-rays and wide shadows trailed across the landscape. Over there, on the horizon line, were Bearley Bushes and Smitherfield; here, as we leisurely followed the windings of the canal, were Wilmeot, and Gipsey Hill, and Newnham. Then we came to a long, straight aqueduct spanning a spacious valley; and far below us, in the hollow, was a line of railway—that going down to Alcester. The view from this point was one of the most extensive we had as yet encountered—the successive undulations of wood and spinney and grassy slope receding away into the south, where the low-lying hills, underneath the milk-white skies, were of a pale, ethereal blue. Moreover, this canal, that was leading us into the wide district once known as the Forest of Arden, was very little like a canal. It seemed to be entirely disused and forsaken. We met with neither barge nor boat of any description. Here and there the still waters were almost choked with all kinds of aquatic plants; here and there were masses of the floating white buttercup, in blossom. A solitary neighbourhood this was, and a silent; yet there was a kind of persuasive charm in its very loneliness; while, for the rest, the afternoon was growing mellow in colour, and lending a warmer tone to all these masses of foliage. Miss Peggy, as we walked along, spoke but little; perhaps she was peopling those woods, and open spaces, and darker glades, with mysterious phantoms. Her eyes, at any rate, had no mischief in them now.

But as we drew near to Wootton Wawen—which is only about a mile or so from Henley-in-Arden—she turned her attention to the wildflowers we were passing, and from time to time she stooped to add to the little nosegay in her hand. We knew her purpose. We knew whither was going that variegated little collection of red campions, blue hyacinths, yellow bed-straw, purple self-heal, golden cowslips, and the like simple blossoms.

"It is a very little trouble," she says (as if any apology were necessary), "and think of the gratitude I shall reap when they get them over there! I suppose I may honestly say, 'From the Forest of Arden' in the letter?"

"Undoubtedly this was part of the ancient Forest of Arden, if that is what you mean—it stretched over the half of Warwickshire," one makes answer. "I don't know when the district was disafforested; but in Shakespeare's own time they hunted red-deer in these Warwickshire woods—you'll find it all described in the 'Polyolbion'—'our old Arden here' is Drayton's phrase; and he was a Warwickshire man. Yes; I think you may fairly say these flowers are from the Forest of Arden."

"That is all I wanted to know. And yet," she continues, "I am not sure it would be kind to send any of them to my sister Emily. It seems such a shame that I should be seeing all these places, while she is at home."

"Her time will come, surely. She will be in England some day."

"But who will take her about like this?" Miss Peggy is good enough to say. "Do you think, now, there ever was an American here before?"

"In this precise spot? I should think it was highly improbable."

She was silent for a minute or two as we were walking along.

"I suppose our people would want to rush through. Well; it is very strange, when you get used to this dream-like kind of existence, how very natural it seems; and how far away the outside world seems to be. I wonder, when I am back in New York, whether I shall be able to recall the feeling of being lost, and being quite happy in being lost. All the people and things I used to know seem to be gone—or in an outside ring so far away that you hardly ever hope to get back to it. And yet," adds Miss Peggy, with a smile, "I don't feel in the least bit miserable to find myself cut off from the rest of the world, and forgotten, and alone."

"You are not quite alone."

"No; not quite," she says; and then she goes on, in a quite simple and natural fashion: "Do you know, I like your friend the Colonel."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I like him. He doesn't try to show off."

"Did you think he would?"

"And I'm not so much afraid of him as I expected. No, hardly at all; he is so quiet; and—and—I like the way he looks at you—he doesn't scrutinise—he has a pleasant way of looking at you. What do people say of him?"

"The public, do you mean—the newspapers?"

"No, no; the people who know him."

"Well; he bears the reputation of being a pretty strict disciplinarian; but his men are said to be extraordinarily devoted to him all the same; and I know his brother officers are rather fond of him. I remember a young fellow one night at the Rag—at dinner—saying simply enough, 'Well; I don't like Cameron; that isn't it: I love him.'"

"Is it long since his wife died?"

"Yes; some years."

"Was she pretty?"

"She was very good-looking. She was one of the Lennoxes of Coulterhill—they're all a handsome family."

"How old is he?" continues this inquisitive young person; indeed, that is one of her peculiarities; when she is interested, however slightly, in anyone, she must needs know all about his or her situation in life, and surroundings, and prospects—perhaps for the better spinning of aimless little romances.



"He looks as if he had just stepped out of Pall-mall."



"How old is he? Oh, he is just everybody's age. Don't you know that there is a long period—an interval between being insignificantly young and distressingly old—in which all nice people and all interesting people dwell, without particularly counting years. You may call it the broad platform of life, if you like; and a few Mays or Decembers are not allowed to count. Colonel Cameron is just in the middle of existence—like the rest of us."

"Oh, do you take me in, too?" she says.

"Why, certainly. Do you call yourself insignificantly young?"

"But I want to be counted in!" she says promptly. "I like to have plenty of company. I should prefer being with the happy majority. Oh, yes; I want to be on the middle platform, with the rest of the people."

"If it came to that, young lady, there are two or three little tricks and artifices in which you are a good deal older than Ewen Cameron, or any one of us."

"Ah, don't say that!" she pleads, with much pathos. "I have been so good!"

"I suppose you wrote a very pretty letter to that long-coated metaphysician, thanking him for all the information he sent you."

"Indeed I did not, then," she says warmly. "I did not write to him at all. For I did not ask him to send us any information; I suppose we could have got it out of the guide-books in any case."

But meanwhile, as we had been thus leisurely strolling along, the waning day had been still further deepening in colour. Overhead the silvery-grey heavens were now mottled with soft lilac; towards the west were long bands of purple cloud, their lower edges fringed with crimson fire; beneath these, and behind the various clumps of foliage in front of us, were breadths of golden-yellow, that only reached us through the darkened branches in mild flashes of light. We had been seriously delayed, moreover, by one or two difficult bridges, particularly in the neighbourhood of Lowsom Ford; and now, as these fires were fading out, and as Captain Columbus had discovered that somewhere not very far away he could get stabling for the horse, it was resolved to call a halt for the night. We were to be up betimes in the morning, for there was a long day before us, to say nothing of the wild peril and adventure of getting through the King's Norton and West Hill Tunnels. So we chose out a meadow-bank where there were some convenient willow-stumps and alder-bushes, and there we made fast; and then Murdoch—now in the Forest of Arden, and probably wishing he were at home in a better place, though his courtesy would not allow him to say so—was besought to prepare some food for his co-mates and brothers in exile.

A ceremony, of deepest interest to at least one person present, now took place. It was at Miss Peggy's timid suggestion. Wouldn't one like to put the American trout-rod together, to see whether it met with approval? If it were not quite satisfactory, she said, she could have it changed. And here was a stretch of smooth water; hadn't we anything in the shape of a line? Now as we had brought plenty of all kinds of tackle with us—on chance—we made pretty sure of finding a small reel that would fit; and there was still enough light in this gathering dusk to show us how the line went out.

And what a dainty toy did this turn out to be, when we pulled the circular shaft from out its furry cover, and found in the grooves of the shaft the light-golden, hexagonal pieces of spliced cane all neatly packed; and who could have aught but admiration—were he fisherman or no fisherman—for the delicately ribbed handle, and the silver ferrules and rings, and the small, shining bands of rose-red silk? The inscription on the metal portion of the butt, too: really, when one had put this work of art together, and had taken a single glance at it, it was quite apparent that it was far too bright and good for human nature's daily food. What?—make this beautiful little golden toy, with its rose-red silk and its silver sockets, an instrument to thrash the sullen surface of a Scotch loch, in hours of driving rain, with the heavy storm-clouds coming lower and lower down the hillside, and darkening the world as they descend? No, no; the proper place for such a thing of beauty was a corner of the hall, in alliance with the various trophies of the chase, so that young ladies, on their way from the dining-room to the drawing-room, might be invited to admire its elegance, and pliancy, and pretty colour. To take this dainty thing out for any kind of actual work? Why, it might get wet!

And yet, when we had rummaged about and found a reel small enough to be attached to the butt, it was very speedily discovered that this plaything of a rod had a remarkable faculty for sending out a line. Perhaps it wasn't so much of a toy, after all? If it felt a little "whippy" at first, the hand soon got used to that; and it was most satisfactory to stand here in the dusk and watch how easily the undulating line went out and how lightly—with a touch like a butterfly—it fell on the wan water. Our Colonel tried a cast or two, and declared that, for this delicate kind of work, it was a most excellent instrument. Miss Peggy was also allowed a little practice; and as there was nothing attached to the line there was no risk of her hanging up artificial flies on the trees and bushes as thickly as ever Orlando hung up his rhymes when he was wandering through these very glades. Finally, Mrs. Threepenny-bit got the pretty plaything into her possession; but this was with a view to reading the inscription on the silver band; and she affected to be greatly surprised by its simplicity.

"Well, I declare! not a single scrap of poetry. Why, Peggy, you might have quoted a line or two just to please him—'When this you see, remember me'; or, 'The rose is red, the violet's blue, the grass is green, and so are you.' Or a motto, even—'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?'"

"I think you are very impertinent," says Miss Peggy, with an air of much dignity; and she takes away the rod from that envious scrap of a creature, and offers to help in putting it back in its case.

During dinner that night—whether it was the sensation of solitariness inspired by these lonely neighbourhoods, or whether it was that her fear of the tall Colonel had not quite worn off—Miss Peggy was again rather silent, listening with a respectful attention, but rarely saying anything. Of course, she was not entirely dumb; and one chance remark she made—as coming from a person of so retiring a disposition—seemed to strike Colonel Cameron with a little surprise. By accident he had gone back to the subject of the various incitements to war, and was talking to Queen Tita about the times when the love of this or that fair lady was a common cause of strife. One of us happened to say that he had heard of a tournament in our own day—or rather, a joust—of a very idyllic nature. It was a lady in the north, who had two suitors, both of them in every way eligible, and both of them equally pressing in their suit; and, to settle the matter, she said she would marry the one who wrote the best poem on Mary, Queen of Scots. She was as good as her word, and married the successful competitor. Whereupon Miss Peggy remarked quietly,

"I am pretty sure she knew beforehand which of them could write the best poem; and that was why she took that way of deciding."

Well, it was a shrewd remark for a young woman to make; and Colonel Cameron glanced up with the least touch of surprise: you see she had been so very modest and quiet and unassuming since he had joined our party. But we were privately of opinion that before very long Inverfask would find out for himself that our Peggy—though quite a Characterless Person—was no fool.

And fortunate it was for us that this subject had been started; for in speaking of this or the other noble lady whose name was connected in legend or history with some tragic deed, Cameron happened to ask his hostess if she knew the ballad of "The Two Bonnie Gordons."

"I dare say you will know the story," he said, "for there are two or three ballads about it—'Gordon o' Bracklay,' I think one of them is called, or 'The Baron o' Bracklay.' But this version I have has never been in print, as far as I know, and I think it is finer than any of them. My mother used to sing it—to a very singular and pathetic air: let me see—I think I could repeat the words to you."

"Oh, will you?" she said quickly.

"It is hardly a pleasant story they have to tell; but the ballad is fine—as fine as any I know:—"

Down Deeside rode Inveray, whistling and playing,
He called loud at Brackla gate ere the day's dawning,
'O Gordon of Brackla, proud Gordon, come down,
There's a sword at your threshold mair sharp than your own.'

He repeated these lines almost in an undertone, and slowly—perhaps to give the two women-folk a better chance of making out the Scotch; but as he went on there was a curiously vibrant quality in his voice that made his recitation singularly impressive:—

'Arise now, gay Gordon!' his lady 'gan cry,
'For there is fierce Inveray driving your kye.'
'How can I go, lady, and win them again,
When I have but ae sword where he has got ten?'

'Arise now, my maidens, leave rock and leave fan;
How blest had I been had I married a man!—
Arise now, my maidens, take lance and take sword;
Go, milk the ewes, Gordon, for I shall be lord!'

Up sprang the brave Gordon, put his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword, and his thigh o'er his steed;
But he stooped low and said, as he kissed his proud dame:
'There's a Gordon rides out that will never ride home.'

There rode wi' fierce Inveray thirty and three,
And nane wi' the Gordon save his brother and he;
Two gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against three-and-thirty, wae's me! what were twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they rushed on them rude,
And the two bonnie Gordons lay bathed in their bluid;
Frae the mouth o' the Dee to the source o' the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for them and curse Inveray.

'O came ye by Brackla, and what saw ye there?
Was the young widow weeping and tearing her hair?'
'I came down by Brackla; I looked in, and oh!
There was mirth, there was feasting, but naething o' woe.'

'Like a rose bloomed the lady and blithe as a bride;
A bridegroom young Inveray stood by her side;
She feasted him there as she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the bluid o' her husband was red on his sword.'

O there's dule in the cottage, if there's mirth in the ha',
For the twa bonnie Gordons who are deid and awa';
To the bush comes the bud, and the flower to the plain,
But the twa gallant Gordons come never again.'

When he had finished, there was a second of silence; and then it was Peggy who spoke.

"I—I hope he killed her!" the girl said—with white lips.

A little later on—well, perhaps, there was a half-confessed feeling that this fierce and piteous story had been all too terrible for these tranquil solitudes—anyhow, it was Miss Peggy who timidly suggested that we should get outside to see what the night was like, and perhaps go ashore, also, for a stroll through the meadows and lanes, if any such were to be found. So forthwith we went—Sir Ewen lighting a big cigar by way of preparation; but as for going ashore, the first one who tried that discovered that the grass was soaking wet with dew. Accordingly we all of us with much content took up our places



in the stern-sheets of the boat: with much content, for the night-air was sweet, and there was a silence not disturbed by the stirring of a leaf, and there were dark glades and vistas between the trees which, if one liked, one could people with all kinds of spectral figures, who could perform a ghostly play for us.

The contrast between that still darkness all around and the crimson glow of our little floating home was strange enough. Sitting out here, we were spectators of both; indeed, not only could we look into the glare of light within—which seemed to illumine a fairy palace—but also we could see where some of the softened radiance, streaming through the windows, touched here and there a branch of alder or a willow-stump. But if these glades near at hand were steeped in the shadow of overhanging leaves, the heavens above us were clear and cloudless, the great vault palpitating with myriad upon myriad of stars. There sat Cassiopeia on her silver throne; and the jewel Rastaban burned fierce on the forehead of the Dragon; the pale Andromeda was there, and Perseus with uplifted sword; the brilliant Vega gleamed on the invisible strings of the Harp; and the shining wonders of the Plough, white, trembling, and yet constant, throbbed in the pure ether. All the life of the world seemed to be in those lambent skies; there was nothing here around us but impalpable gloom and death. That impression lasted but for a minute or two. Perhaps it was our coming forth from the saloon that had startled the woods into silence. Anyhow, the next moment a sudden sound sprang into the night, flooding all the darkness with its rich and piercing melody—*jug, jug, jug—jug, jug, jug, tir-o-ee*—a joyous, clear, full-throated note, deep-gurgling now, and again rising with thrills and tremors into bursts of far-reaching silver song that seemed to shake the hollow air. A single nightingale had filled the woods with life. We cared no more for those distant and silent stars. It was enough to sit here in the gracious quiet and listen to the eager, tremulous outpouring of this honeyed sound—and to remember that we were in the Forest of Arden.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW REREDOS AT ST. PAUL'S.

The altar-screen, or "reredos," which the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have provided for the adornment of our great London Cathedral, was uncovered on Jan. 23, when there was a special religious service, in which the Bishop of London took part, with the Canons and Prebendaries. When this work was resolved upon, the design was entrusted to Messrs. Bodley and Garner, by whom it has been executed. Marble screens, of semicircular form, have been substituted, however, for the iron grilles at the sides originally proposed. The design, of which we give an illustration, consists of a basement against which the altar stands, with a small doorway on each side to give access to the apse behind. Over these doors, which are of pierced brass, are angels supporting shields of the crossed swords and keys, the arms of the diocese and St. Paul and St. Peter, flanked by sculptured festoons of fruit and flowers, separated by marble panels. Above this is a range of sculptured panels, with coloured marble backgrounds, supporting an open colonnade of semicircular plan. A large group of sculpture, in bold relief, occupies the centre, flanked by twisted columns of rich Breccia marble, wreathed with foliage in golden bronze; these support an entablature and rich pediment. The frieze is of rosso antico, bearing the inscription, "Sic Deus dilexit mundum," in gilt bronze letters. The whole is crowned by a central niche and surrounding statues at a height of between 60 ft. and 70 ft. from the ground. The total cost is stated to be nearly £37,000.

The general idea of the sculptured subjects is to express the incarnation and life of our Lord, beginning with the two figures at the extremities of the colonnade, which are those of the angel Gabriel and St. Mary, and represent the Annunciation. The panel on the north side is the Nativity; the large subject in the centre, the Crucifixion, with the entombment underneath it; and the group on the south side, the Resurrection. The panels of the pedestals are filled with angels bearing instruments of the "Passion." The niche above the pediment is occupied by a figure of St. Mary with the Divine Child in her arms, with the statues of St. Paul and St. Peter on either hand. The figure on the summit of the niche is an ideal one of the risen Saviour.

The entire reredos is executed in white Parian marble with bands and panels of rosso antico, verde di Prato, and Breccia marble. The enrichments are generally gilt. The steps in front of the altar are of white marble and the pavement of rosso antico, Breccia, and verde di Prato, like the reredos. The whole of the work has been executed by Mr. Brindley, of the firm of Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The models for the sculpture were done by Mr. Guillemain, and those for the ornament by Mr. George. The gilded bronze-work is by Messrs. Longden and Co., from models supplied.

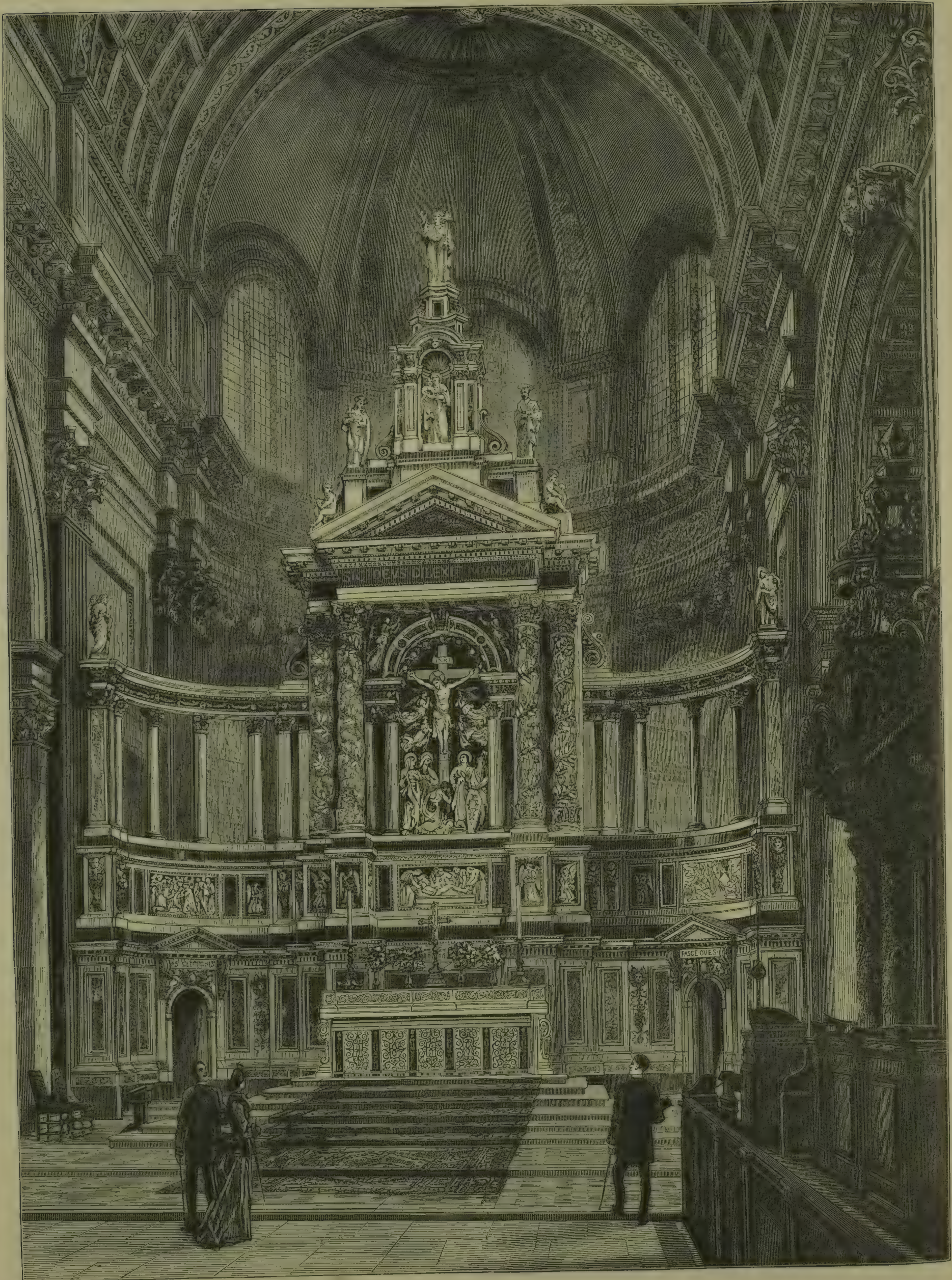
Princess Christian, whose interest in nursing is so well known, will contribute an article on "Nursing as a Profession for Women" to the April number of the *Woman's World*.

Messrs. James Veitch and Sons invite an inspection of their annual exhibition of popular flowers which will be held continuously at their Chelsea establishment from March to July inclusive. The nurseries are open to all visitors without charge on weekdays.

The novel "Mr. Barnes of New York" will be given away, as extra gratis supplements, with Nos. 235 and 236 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, published on March 27 and April 4, respectively. In No. 235 (which forms the first number of a new volume) two new serial stories are commenced—"Lady Biddy Fane," by Frank Barrett, illustrated by J. Finnemore; and "An American Penman," by Julian Hawthorne.

The prospectus of the Irish Exhibition, to be held this year at Olympia, Kensington, has been issued. Its objects are to place before the English public a clear view of the predominant industries of Ireland, and to awaken public interest in the efforts being made to revive her trade. The Duke of Abercorn is president of the executive council, which includes the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Earl of Lathom, and Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., and the long list of patrons embraces members of Parliament and gentlemen representing the learned professions, science, and art.

At the first spring flower show of the present season, held at the Botanic Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, the weather being favourable, there was a large number of visitors. Despite the backward state of the season, a very interesting display of spring flowers was brought together in the conservatories. Messrs. Paul, of Cheshunt, were awarded a bronze medal for a fine collection of roses, and Messrs. Veitch a similar distinction for hyacinths. Silver medals were bestowed upon Messrs. B. S. Williams, H. Williams, and Cutbush for varied collections of bulbs. The cinerarias of Mr. James were exceptionally fine and well coloured, and special certificates were awarded to three specimens. There was but a limited display of exotics, but a well-grown specimen of *dendrobium nobile* (Cooksonii) secured a special botanical certificate for the gardener to Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P.



THE NEW REREDOS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



When strong nor-easters blow at Easter-tide
And snowdrifts all the early flowers hide,
Where are the joys of which the poets sing?
Where the "ethereal mildness" of the spring?

THE CRUEL EAST WIND.

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

This cold east wind, so cruel and unkind,
Quite proves that poets are a little blind.
The "gentle spring" which Thomson did invoke
Is nothing now but just a bitter joke.

POWER TO CHARM.

At Christmas time, according to Shakspeare or Marcellus, no witch has power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the time. There is perhaps no chapter of history more painful or more astounding to our modern notions than that devoted to witchcraft. The delusion was not like one of those sudden outbreaks of fanaticism which spring up, nobody knows how, and die away as suddenly; it was regarded as a lasting evil to be punished with the severest penalties of the Church and of the State. And for the most part the people who perished under this reign of terror were women. They were generally old and ugly, and had familiar spirits to do their errands; but sometimes young and fair women suffered on the rack and at the stake under the terrible imputation of witchcraft. To be accused of this crime was in most cases to be condemned for it; and, indeed, there seemed little chance of an escape, for the tests to which accused persons were put in order to try their innocence generally proved mortal. To throw an old woman into the water, and, if she sinks, to save her character at the expense of her life, is hardly kind to the old woman.

And there was no pity for the sufferings of witches, for the people were taught to believe that witches who had given themselves to the devil felt no pain upon the rack. Almost any cause sufficed as a reason for burning old women. Two, for example, were burnt at Constance as the supposed authors of a great storm, and another for destroying a ship at sea by means of spells. They were never burnt, we believe, without confession; but then it was the custom to torture them till they did confess.

One notable form of witchcraft, which has been admirably turned to poetical account by Rossetti, was to form a waxen image of some person obnoxious to the witch, and as this image was gradually melted by the fire so it was supposed would the victim's life fade away. Of this form of sorcery Eleanor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey, was accused; and Hollingshed relates that she was condemned to do open penance in the City of London, and afterwards to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man.

Another prominent historical illustration of the English faith in witchery is that of Richard III., who accused Edward's wife and Jane Shore of bewitching him:

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up!
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

A kind of sorcery similar to that for which Eleanor Cobham suffered led to the execution in 1618, of two women in Lincoln, who were said to have bewitched Lord Rosse to death by burying his glove; and "as that glove did rot and waste, so did the liver of the said Lord rot and waste."

The intolerance caused by a belief in witchcraft is painfully represented in the poet's treatment of Joan of Arc in the "First Part of Henry VI.," which, as the best commentators declare, was not written by Shakspeare. But, whoever the author of the play might be, he does but represent the spirit of the time; and does not say much worse of Joan than was said by the uncle of the King, when he called her "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress"—an opinion held by the historian Hall a century later.

In the fifteenth century Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull against witchcraft, empowering inquisitors to seek for witches and to burn them, and the agreeable vocation must have been pursued with a zest, for one inquisitor burned forty-one witches in one year, and another burned one hundred. It is stated that tens of thousands of victims have suffered for this imaginary crime. In the diocese of Como a thousand were burned in a year at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and at the same time five hundred perished in Geneva in three months. The belief in witchcraft and the intolerable cruelties caused by this belief were not confined to the Papal Church. In the seventeenth century the Puritans in New England hanged a number of persons as well as two dogs for this imaginary crime; and for two years Hopkins, the "witch-finder," drove a flourishing trade in Essex. In 200 years 30,000 witches are said to have been destroyed in England; and as recently as 1716, when the town was enjoying the wit and satire of the "Queen Anne men," a woman and her child nine years of age were hanged at Huntingdon. Addison, with a mind that wavered between superstition and good-sense, said he could not forbear believing "in such a commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft," while, at the same time, he could "give no credit to any particular modern instance of it." This conclusion is quoted by Blackstone in the fourth volume of his "Commentaries," and he adopts it as his own.

Scotland, which is regarded as an enlightened part of the empire, held with the utmost tenacity its faith in witchcraft. The Scotch, a vigorous people, put their hands to the work heartily. It was easy to find victims since, as we have said already, they were tortured until they confessed. Take one instance out of thousands. Isabel Crawford, after the minister had made earnest prayers to God for opening her closed heart, was tortured with iron bars laid upon her bare shins, her feet being in the stocks. For a time she bore the torture admirably, though above thirty stone of iron were laid on her legs, but in moving the bars to another part of her shins she broke out into horrible cries, and confessed to intercourse with the devil. She was condemned, of course, and at the place of execution

openly denied her former confession. It is calculated that 2000 persons were burned in Scotland in the last forty years of the sixteenth century.

A century later a witch epidemic broke out in the village of Mohra, in Sweden. A number of children were said to be bewitched, and familiar with the devil, who was described as wearing a grey coat, red-and-blue stockings, a red beard, and a high-crowned hat. The witches kept this exacting personage supplied with children, and if they did not procure him a good many "they had no peace or quiet for him." The poor wretches were doomed to have no more peace or quiet in this world. Seventy were condemned to death, and twenty-three were burnt in a single fire at Mohra.

It is noteworthy that a belief in this frightful superstition, which destroyed more innocent persons than the so-called Holy Office, was held by men of great intellectual power—by Erasmus, Bacon, and the judicious Hooker; by Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Browne, Baxter, and Sir Matthew Hale. And the old belief is not yet extinct in country districts. Only recently a man at Totnes accused his father of bewitching, or, as a "white witch" called it, "overlooking" his daughter, so that she suffered for months from disease in the arms; and people who live in remote villages may often hear of similar cases. Witchcraft is a fruitful subject; but enough has been said for our purpose, and that purpose is to remind the reader that this terrible evil, like so many others which stain the pages of history, ought to make us hesitate before we join in the cant, for it is nothing better, about the "good old times." We have a clear experience of the evils of our own day, and but a faint knowledge of the good or evil of the past. But the horrors caused by a faith in witchcraft—horrors that, owing to malicious informers, might be felt in any household—give us one glaring proof of the infelicity of life in days of ignorance and credulity.—J. D.

A BANK OF VIOLETS.

The "sweet South" has begun, in many a quiet old-world nook, to breathe upon the banks of violets, "stealing and giving odours." In the green crofts their purple petals peep modestly among the herbage; and by the wayside they gather in thick posies at the foot of elm or ash. Their sweet, subtle perfume rises in the old orchard; on the margin of the disused mill-pond; in the rifts and hollows of the open moor. In antique Elizabethan gardens they enchant you with their meek and gentle aspect; and in secluded copses and spinneys you are conscious of that unobtrusive fragrance which fills the air like the soft sounds of distant music. Of all our flowers they are surely the most delicate—fit images of that exquisite modesty which our grandfathers recognised as the choicest ornament of maidenhood. Look upon them, and you readily understand why Wordsworth compared to "a violet 'neath a mossy stone" the gentle girl who dwelt by "the banks of Dove"; why George Meredith finds a likeness to "the shy violets" in those pure, true, human hearts which hide themselves in the beauty of their own goodness, and thence "ravish the enraptured air with sweetness, dewy, fresh and rare." It is, no doubt, their retiringness, more even than the fine odour of their breath and the charm of their tiny petals, which has made them so dearly prized. They never, like some of their flaunting sisters, force themselves upon us—shrinking from notice rather than courting it, and content to live in the silence and the shade. Yet how lovely they are! Blue, white, or purple—*Viola odorata*, *Viola purpurea plena*, *Viola pallida plena*—single white or double purple, the violet of spring (which often blooms again in winter) or the dog-violet of summer—all are gifted with a loveliness which it is easier to appreciate than to describe. According to a Mohammedan tradition, the Prophet once exclaimed, "The excellence of the extract of violets, above all other extracts, is as the excellence of myself above all the rest of creation"; which would seem to refer to the compound of violet syrup and water known in the East as sherbet. Violet syrup—an appropriate beverage for Beauty! But, according to a Gaelic bard, Beauty—at least in northern climes—used violets as a cosmetic rather than a beverage. "Anoint thy face," he says, "with goat's milk, in which violets have been infused, and not a young Prince upon earth but will be smitten by thy charms." There is but a small stock of young Princes on hand just now; but violets infused in goat's milk—who knows what miracles they may not accomplish!

Poetry and violets seem as natural a conjunction as beauty and violets; and it must be admitted that these modest blossoms of the wayside and the woodland have received in full the consecration of verse. It was appropriate enough that in the song-contests of the troubadours which Clemence Isaura established (and our L. E. L. has celebrated) the prize awarded to the sweetest singer should be a golden violet. Among the flowers with which the poet of "Paradise Lost" sprinkles the sinless glades of Eden the violets are included: The brave scholar-poet, Sir Henry Wotton, does homage to them in their "pure purple mantles," as "the proud virgins of the year." Herrick, whose spontaneous muse loved to sing of everything fair and sweet, describes them as "the maiden posies," and "so graced" as to merit a place above even "damask roses." The spring, he says, has "virgins many" to wait upon her; but the "young violets" are more sweet than any! There is a fantastical conceit in his poem "To Primroses filled with Morning Dew," in which he speaks of them as weeping

because they have not yet seen the violet; though, as a matter of fact, violets and primroses bloom together in holt and shaw and on the wayside bank in sweet companionship. Barry Cornwall, in one of his laboured lyrics, after protesting how much he loves the rose, "on whose soft tips the south wind blows," and the lily, "paler than the moon," and all the odorous, wondrous world of June, declares that he loves much more—the violet! To Lord Houghton its beauty brings "nope-bearing memories and inspiring glee"; whereas, Mrs. Augusta Webster makes it a matter of reproach because it passes away before the coming of the rose—

Ah violet! ah rose! why not the two?
Why bloom not all fair flowers the whole year through?
Why not the two—young violet, ripe rose?
Why dies one's sweetness when another blows?

But the true poet of the violet is Shakspeare, with whom, when in his ardent youth, he roamed about the lanes and fields of Warwickshire, the flower must have become an old familiar friend. In one of his earliest comedies he gives the loved name Viola to one of his earliest female creations. There are at least fourteen allusions to it in his plays. In "Measure for Measure" it furnishes him with a striking illustration of Angelo's malignant influence:—

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.

In a "Midsummer Night's Dream," the violet blooms among the flora of Fairy-land. "I know a bank . . . where oxlips and the nodding violet grows." In the sweet spring-song in "Love's Labour's Lost," "violets blue" are named, with "daisies pink" and "lady-smocks all silver white," as belonging to the happy spring-time of our love. In "The Winter's Tale" they inspire a delicious passage—though "dim," they are "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath." In "King John," we are warned that "to throw a perfume on the violet"—which is in itself the essence of all sweetness—is "wasteful and ridiculous excess." A beautiful reference occurs in "King Richard II.":—

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Cymbeline's princely boys are said to be gentle as zephyrs, "blowing below the violet, not wagging his sweet head." Laertes compares Hamlet's young affection for Ophelia to "a violet in the youth of primy nature"; and, in the dirge over his dead sister, breaks into the poetic exclamation:—

From her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!

The pansy, streaked with jet, is, of course, one of the *Violaceae*, tracing its original back to the corn pansy (*Viola tricolor*), which frequents our corn-fields, and is to be identified by its sulphur-tinted flower, starred with one spot of purple. It has a stem of several inches. The mountain violet has a stem also, and the pretty dog violet, which blooms late into the summer; but the sweet violet, the hairy violet, and the marsh violet (which blossoms in March) are stemless, the leaves and flowers springing from the root. The members of this family have five sepals, five petals, five stamens, and one prominent stigma. The ovary has three valves, and when it bursts ejects its seed with some degree of force, scattering it a considerable distance. The sweet violet increases also by runners, and is easily cultivated in the smallest garden, if provided with a shady corner and not too dry a soil.

In my young days to go "a-violeting" was as common a vernal pastime as to go a-nutting was a favourite autumnal one; and I find a pleasure in recalling the picturesque spots to which those happy excursions led me. I remember, for instance, a green meadow behind an ancient water-mill, which had long ceased to ply its labouring wheel. There the grass grew lush and thick, in the shadow of a clump of ash-trees, and the violets clustered in such numbers that the air was overcharged with their fine fragrance. I remember, too, a sunny hedgerow, on the border of a plantation of firs, where, along with primroses, oxlips, and arums, the violets thrived in rare luxuriance; and an open bank, which sloped down into a furze-covered common, was another favourite haunt; for both the purple and the white varieties flourished in such profusion as to enamel the greensward with their delicate colours. This was really Violet-Land—the realm and region of violets—which here sent up to Heaven their wealth of perfume, like the incense from some hallowed shrine, or the thanksgiving of a grateful soul.

W. H. D.-A.

A meeting of the clergy and laity of the Rural Deaneries of Clapham and Kennington was held on March 22, at the Parochial Hall, Ferndale-road, Clapham, to consider a proposal brought forward by the Rev. Freeman Wills (chairman of the Finsbury Polytechnic) to establish in the neighbourhood a Polytechnic for young men. The proposal having been fully discussed, a committee was formed to mature the plans to be laid before a public meeting at an early date.

The Right-Rev. Edward Hsley, who has been appointed by the Pope to the Roman Catholic bishopric of Birmingham, in succession to Bishop Ullathorne, who has resigned the see, owing to infirmity, after occupying it for nearly forty years, was on March 22 enthroned in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, in the presence of an overflowing congregation, by Canon O'Sullivan, Senior Canon of the diocese. The new Bishop has for several years officiated as coadjutor to Bishop Ullathorne.

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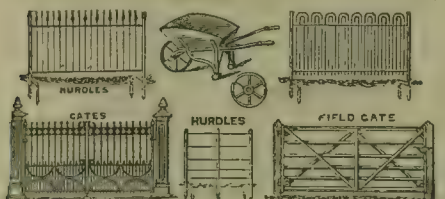
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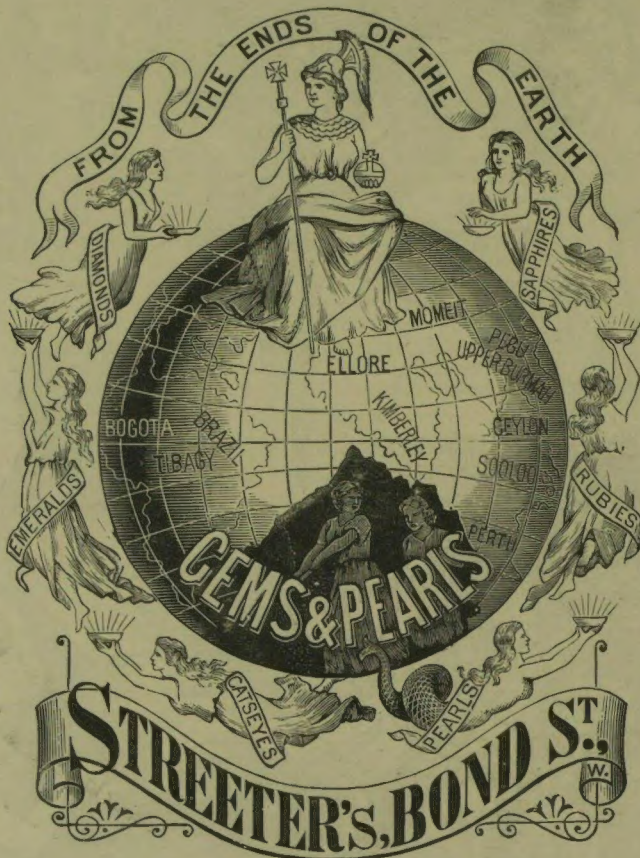
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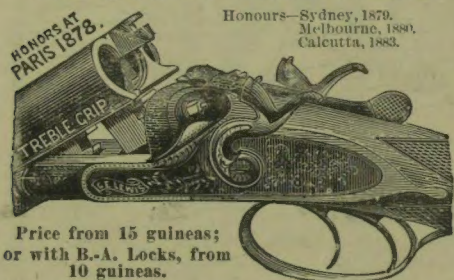
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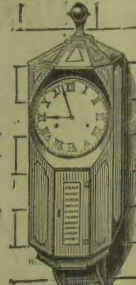
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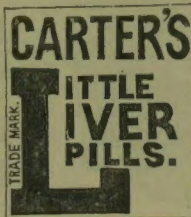
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THE GERMAN VICTORIES ON THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

The Campaign of Sedan: the Downfall of the Second Empire, August—September, 1870. By George Hooper. With Map and Plans (G. Bell and Sons).—The author of "Waterloo, the Downfall of the First Napoleon," has in this volume produced such an intelligible and minutely accurate narrative of the wonderful military events of thirty days preceding the surrender of Napoleon III., that we do not expect it will ever be superseded by any similar work for the use of ordinary English readers. It is preceded by two introductory chapters, fairly setting forth the political causes of the war, in the aggrandisement of Prussia and the establishment of the North German Confederation since 1866, the French demand of territorial compensation in Luxembourg, in Belgium, or in the Rhenish Palatinate, and the offence taken by France at the candidature of a Hohenzollern Prince for the vacant throne of Spain. The actual warfare, beginning on Aug. 2 with the French attack on Saarbrück, is related with uniform precision to the day after the battle of Sedan, namely Sept. 2, when 83,000 prisoners of war laid down their arms, with the fallen Emperor, who had personally witnessed the first skirmish on the Saar a month before. Every incident of military importance is described; whether in the north part of Alsace, in Lorraine, or on the Meuse and its western tributaries; the invasion of France by three combined German armies; the battles around Metz, effecting the beleaguering of Marshal Bazaine; the retreat of Marshal MacMahon, with the Emperor, from Châlons, and its diversion to the north-east with an idea of supporting Bazaine's expected retreat to Montmédy; the "grand right wheel" of all the German forces, relentlessly pursuing MacMahon's army northward, through the Argonne district, to the Ardennes and the neighbourhood of Sedan, where it was stopped by the Belgian frontier. All these movements, extending over a space of about 160 miles, south-east to north-west, from the then Rhine frontier at Lauterburg to Sedan, with excursions westward to the Marne above Châlons, may readily be traced on the general map. They belong to one grand campaign, the strategy of which demands attentive study; and Mr. Hooper, while giving an exact account of the field operations, of the positions of different corps from day to day, their marches, their combinations, the views and plans of their commanders, and the failure or success of each movement in the open country, does not meddle with the sieges of fortresses. It is probable that, in those days, the concentrated interest of the attacks on Strasburg and Metz, after that of the fierce and sanguinary conflicts at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, on Aug. 16 and Aug. 18, and the crowning victory of Sedan, on Sept. 1, withdrew contemporary observation from the skilful manner in which the whole German advance had been conducted. Modern history can scarcely afford a more instructive subject, if examples of the art of war be in request; for the genius of Moltke, Chief of the Staff accompanying the late King William, devised measures of unerring sagacity, which were promptly executed by the three armies at his disposal. The commander of one of those armies, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, was a General of high ability, to whom is due the chief credit of the field operations before Metz; and the Crown Prince of Prussia, now King and Emperor, had in his own Chief of the Staff, General Blumenthal, a very able director of military business. The Crown Prince of Saxony also proved himself an energetic leader. Unfortunately for the French, their highest commands were held by men to whom no such praise can be applied. Stupidity is the only word to characterise the actions of Bazaine, who was neither traitor nor coward; MacMahon, who had intelligence and natural alacrity, seems to have been perplexed by his early disaster at Woerth, and subsequently almost bewildered by the vacillation of the Emperor, and by the mischievous interference of the Paris Government. Napoleon III. himself perpetrated, within thirty days, as great a number of errors and acts of weakness, as could possibly be committed by any man in that period of time. Finally came General De Wimpffen, who, in a few hours, needlessly destroyed the army at Sedan. The personal aspects, however, of that extraordinary series of transactions may stand apart, though our admiration, on the one hand, of the great men who ruled the military administration of Prussia has recently been again revived; on the other hand, we believe that the French nation will never forget or forgive the shameful vices of the Imperial régime, which were deservedly punished. The gross mismanagement of their War Department, in the neglect of due provisions, garrisons, means of conveyance, equipments, and methods of collecting and distributing the troops, is forcibly exposed by Mr. Hooper, who fervently hopes that the British Army, in case of need, will find itself under a more efficient system. We hope so, too; but few of our countrymen are yet encouraged to cherish a secure feeling of equality to Continental armies in this respect; and the astonishing perfection of the German war organisation is still far from being approached by any nation in the world. Other causes, undoubtedly, contributed to the marvellous result in 1870, besides the vast disparity of the total forces, Germany employing in this campaign 780,723 combatants, with 213,159 horses, and 1476 guns, against a collective French force that can hardly, we suppose, have much exceeded half those numbers. The German armies, almost invariably acting on the offensive, in the military sense, gained victories at a cost of killed and wounded often much exceeding the French loss. They developed novel methods of attacking an enemy; pushing to the front, at the outset of an engagement, such powerful batteries of field artillery as were never before seen, moving their guns about the field, and usually contriving, in the later hours of the battle, to bring up fresh troops arriving in time to smite the enemy's flank. The last-mentioned advantage seems to have been obtained partly by their aggregate numbers; partly, by the greater average bodily strength of the Germans, enduring the fatigue of long marches and being ready to fight without rest; but also, partly, by their correct knowledge both of the roads, though in an enemy's country, and of the absence or presence of hostile forces in every direction. The activity of the Uhlans and other light cavalry scouting detachments, especially in Lorraine, where they rode sometimes thirty miles in advance of the army, and brought back reports of whatever the French were doing anywhere, is one of the most interesting features of this history. Without this instrument of exploration, the "grand right wheel" of the German armies could not have been performed. Its value is rendered evident to the reader by Mr. Hooper's careful topography, but we should recommend the use of a larger and fuller map of Eastern France along with the perusal of this book. For the several important battles, however—for that of Woerth, fought by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia against MacMahon, on Aug. 6, and the simultaneous defeat of General Frossard on the hills of Spicheren, near Saarbrück, which were the two first "staggering blows," for three great battles around Metz, that on the east side, called by the Germans Colomby-Nonilly, by the French Borny, on Aug. 14, and those of Mars-la-Tour, on the 16th, and of Gravelotte, on the 18th, which effectually shut up Bazaine's army in the fortress; and lastly, for the battle of Sedan—this volume contains good plans,

marked with the positions of the several army corps at the most critical hour of each day. The author has a keen eye for the natural features of a locality, which he describes with brevity, for the understanding of field tactics, but with some picturesque effect. From his account of these battles, except that of Sedan, which was involved in the confusion of despair, and where the French had scarcely room to manoeuvre, we should infer that most of their commanders of divisions were as skilful field officers, as resolute, and as courageous, as those of any other army; and that their soldiers fought as bravely, always in defence of their positions, as any men could do. The faults, the negligence of details, the idleness, the culpable ignorance, the helpless indecision, the lack of resource, the divided counsels, the mixture of blind rashness with half-hearted remissness, which brought on France an unexampled military disgrace, were the faults of those highest in command. They were the faults of the Emperor Napoleon III., and naturally of his favourites and creatures; by no means of the French nation. It may perhaps be said, in like manner, with all due recognition of the abiding worth of the German character, and of the dutiful steadfastness, the punctual obedience, and the martial fortitude, displayed by the German soldiers, that the manly virtues of the late Prussian Monarch and those about him, the Princes of his Royal house, the trusty and diligent servants of his Government, and the faithful Generals whom he put in command, were the inspiring force of that great army, which was guided by the intellect of a Moltke to sure and swift conquest over the eastern provinces of fair and gallant but unhappy France. Victory was awarded to the best men; and though we may not consider that the Germans are better men than the French, we know that, in 1870, they had a much better set of men to rule and lead them. We sincerely hope that none of the great nations of Europe will again be induced to test their enormous military armaments in conflicts which by no possibility can improve the present territorial allotment of the existing States; and which ever inflict on the people, as well as on the soldiery, an incalculable amount of misery, and huge waste of the materials of human civilisation.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Thomas M'Lean (7, Haymarket) will rely upon Sir John Millais's very beautiful landscape, "Murtle Castle" (43) to attract the public, and it may be truly said that many years have passed since the artist has produced anything so worthy of his former fame. The scene is laid in midwinter—snow covers the ground except where the drippings from the trees relieve the monotony of the landscape. Far back on the rising ground the windows of the stately old Hall have just caught the pale lights of a winter sunset, and are glittering through the bare branches of the oak-trees which surround the house. The care which Sir John Millais has lavished upon every detail of the scene, down to the bricks of the wall surrounding the flower-garden, recall some of his former triumphs; but a closer inspection will show how all these results are no longer obtained by laborious effort, but by accurate foreknowledge. On few pictures has the artist probably bestowed more pains or less paint. In places the canvas is as thinly covered as in the works of Carolus Duran; yet in no landscape has Sir J. Millais rendered more literally the thousand accidents which mark a snow-covered field, or grappled more successfully with the difficulties of light and shadow such a foreground presents. The only detail with which we are tempted to quarrel is the size of the flying rook as compared with his settled comrades. The smallness of the latter would suggest that Nature deprives them of their extra plumage at the season when it is most needful for their comfort. Mr. M'Lean, like his neighbours, has also his special "miniaturist" in Herr C. Wilda, who, like his confrères, seeks his inspiration in the streets of Cairo. Of his two works, "Playing Chess" (5) and the "Fortune-Teller" (26), the latter is the more important. It represents an Arab donkey-driver of mature years interrogating the future through the medium of a heap of sand before which a comely gipsy or prophetess and her colleague are seated. The group is not only admirable in drawing and colour, but each face has enough character to explain the story—the quaint little donkey, reminding one of the toy-donkeys of our childhood, looks on with philosophic contempt at the whole proceeding, and points the moral with excellent effect. Herr Wilda's treatment is broader, though not less refined, than many of those who find their subjects in Egyptian life; but he does not wholly do away with the feeling of unreality which pervades the works of this school. Of the other works in this collection, Mr. Alma Tadema's "Hush!" (23)—a Roman peasant woman beside her sleeping child—Mr. L. Fildes' fair-haired "Venetian Beauty" (30). Mr. M'Whirter's "Corrie, Isle of Arran" (8), Mr. Edmund Warren's "English Homestead" (48), and Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Fishing Bay on the Cornish Coast" (61) are the most noteworthy specimens of English art; whilst the foreigners are only represented by such works as Herr Neubert's "Maremma, Civita Vecchia" (57), M. Gaisser's "Difficult Problem" (42)—although the expression in most of the faces is forced—M. Roelofs' "Scene in the Bavarian Alps" (49), and Herr Zuber's broadly-painted "Memories of the Past" (68)—an old peasant listening to the song which once warmed his blood and still stirs his heart.

At the Goupil Gallery (116 and 117, New Bond-street) Messrs. Bousso Valadon have an interesting series of paintings by Mr. J. Haynes Williams, illustrative of the Château of Fontainebleau, "la vraie demeure des rois," on which so many successive rulers of France lavished art and money. Mr. Haynes Williams is a skilful painter of interiors; and he conducts us from room to room of this splendid palace with full knowledge of its resources. He is decidedly successful in rendering the brilliant general effect of the numerous salles and galleries of which the building is composed—and he moreover brings out with judgment and taste the distinctive features of each. The Galerie Henri II., otherwise known as the Salle du Bal, which is also the most attractive of the larger rooms, and its decorations commemorative of the sway of Diane de Poitiers, are still conspicuous in its furniture. The Salle des Gardes is in a severer style, and is specially noteworthy for its magnificent fireplace, to which Mr. Haynes Williams gives ample prominence. A more modern and more brilliant room is the Salle du Conseil, decorated by Boucher and Vanloo; whilst the Boudoir and Bed Chamber of Marie Antoinette, recalling as they do a host of memories pleasant as well as sad, are brought before us with a freshness and truthfulness which deserve every credit. This collection of carefully finished pictures is in every way worthy of a visit, and in view of possible changes in the administration of French national property, the trustworthy rendering of so many spots connected with the history of Regal and Imperial France may give to each work a special value. Mr. Haynes Williams would, however, have better consulted his reputation and taste had he omitted the very stagey figures with their conventional costumes which he has introduced into a few of the rooms.

General Weyler has been appointed Captain-General of the Philippine Islands.

A PHILOSOPHER'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

The pretty theory that Lord Bacon was not only a great philosopher, but also the greatest poet that ever lived, may be safely left to people blessed with a goodly share of credulity and destitute of judgment. In one place, indeed, after observing that poetry is a kind of learning generally confined to the measure of words—he adds, that heroic poetry "may be justly esteemed of a Divine nature, as it raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires"; but he destroys the worth of this concession when he says that by these charms, and with the help of music, "it makes its own way, so as to have been in high esteem in the most ignorant ages, and among the most barbarous people." All external evidence, indeed, is against Mr. Donnelly's theory, and the internal evidence is against it also. Bacon's volumes are full of pregnant thoughts expressed frequently with much eloquence. His style is at once rich and concise, but its "balanced calm and splendour" bears no likeness to the style of Shakspeare. Bacon was pre-eminently a practical philosopher. He was for ever aiming to get at truth by the help of experiment, and it will be remembered that it was due to an experiment that he lost his life. All honour is due to him for his efforts to bring home philosophy to men's business and bosoms, but in doing so he shows very often how empirical was the knowledge of the age.

Medical science could scarcely be said to exist when the wisest man of the age (next to Shakspeare) could gravely propose a whole series of prescriptions, and express a number of opinions, which the least-instructed practitioner of our day would laugh at as ridiculous. Thus he writes that though the stronger opiates are to be used very sparingly, the milder sort may be used in daily diet, and contribute to prolong life. "An apothecary of Calicut is, by the use of ambergris, reported to have lived an hundred and sixty years; and the nobility of Barbary are by the use thereof found to be long lived, while the common people there are but short lived. And our ancestors, who made a frequent use of saffron, lived much longer than we do." He recommends that an opiate diet should be taken every year about the end of May, "because the spirits are most dissolved and attenuated in the summer"; and the opiate employed must be "a commanding one." He considers that however much air may contribute to health, "yet the shutting of it out externally, conduces to longevity"; and so, in his judgment, does a life in caves, into which the sun's rays cannot enter. And Lord Bacon is emphatic on the necessity of preventing a "dissolution of the spirits"—whatever that may be—and advises people to guard against this by anointing themselves with oil, which also causes long life; yet it has its dangers, for "the spirits, when shut up and not suffered to perspire, grow warm." Some of his recipes are a little wasteful; as, for example, when, to recreate the heart, he advises pouring fragrant wine into a hole made in good, fresh earth and stirring the moistened mould about with a spade; and, in accordance with the old Pharmacopœia, he also advises the internal use of gold and pearls—the latter to be taken in levigated powder, or in a solution made with the juice of fresh and very tart lemons. Pigeons, now-a-days, are not kindly treated at Hurlingham; but, if Bacon's advice were followed, they must have had a hard time of it in his day, for he asserts that in a dangerous illness great use is made of live pigeons, cut asunder, and applied one after another to the soles of the feet.

In the course of his observations on health and disease, there are remarks which show how rare some things were then with which we are now familiar. Thus we are told how the Turks use a kind of berry, called coffee, which they roast, powder, and make into an infusion with hot water. "The drinking of this, they affirm, adds strength and vigour to the mind and body; though, when taken immoderately, it disorders the senses." It is evident that he had never tasted a beverage now familiar to everyone. Burton, who lived about the same time, also writes, by report, of a drink called coffa, "so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter," which the Turks "sup as warm as they can suffer," finding that it "helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity." Tobacco, Lord Bacon states, had spread very wide in his time, and "gives a secret delight to those who take it. It condenses the spirits, but, like opiates, manifestly disturbs the head." The great value of flannel in our treacherous climate was, it is clear, unknown in the Elizabethan age; for Bacon observes: "It is a practice among the wild Irish when first taken sick, immediately to unsheet their bed and roll themselves in the blankets. And some declare themselves to have, with great advantage to their health, wore flannel waistcoats and drawers next their skins." Again, he notes that the habit familiar to the ancients, and equally familiar in our century, of drinking hot liquors, had grown into disuse in his time. So he advises that the first glass of liquor should be always taken hot at supper, and adds that wine in which gold "has been quenched" is the most wholesome at meals, "not that gold communicates any virtue to the wine; but as knowing that all metals quenched in any liquor give it a powerful astringency; and we make choice of gold because it leaves no other metallic impression, besides the desired astringency, behind." Artificial teeth were unknown to Bacon, for he observes that the production of new ones is extremely difficult, and not possible without a powerful renovation of the whole body; indeed, he can only suggest that food should be so prepared as not to require chewing. Dr. Johnson thought that everyone should be "blooded" once a month, and Bacon rather inclined to think that phlebotomy conduces to long life "because it discharges the old juices of the body and gives occasion to new." According to the Lord Chancellor the great thing to be done if you aim at health is to keep in the spirits and prevent their dissolution. If you ask what the spirits are, he replies that they are the agents and fabricators that produce all the effects in the body—a reply that is not likely wholly to satisfy the reader. And, indeed, his views of life and health can scarcely be the result of experience, when he writes in his "De Augmentis Scientiarum" that some remedies which strengthen the faculties and prevent diseases are yet destructive to life, and that others which prolong life are not to be used without danger to health. With a curious and characteristic anecdote, told by Lord Bacon in "Sylva Sylvarum," I must conclude this brief and imperfect record of a philosopher's prescriptions. After saying that he had a wart on his finger from childhood, and that when a youth in Paris at least a hundred grew upon his hands in a month's time, he adds:—

"The English Ambassador's lady, who was far from superstitious, told me she would get away my warts; and in order to do it she rubbed them all over with the fat side of a piece of bacon with the rind on, and, among the rest, the wart I had from my childhood; then nailed the bacon with the fat towards the sun upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south, and in five weeks' time the warts went away, and the wart I had so long endured for company. At the rest I did not much wonder, because as they came in a short time they might go away so, too; but the vanishing of that which had remained so long, sticks with me."

J. D.



Grand Duke of Baden.
Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.
Grand Duchess of Baden.

Crown Prince and Princess
of Saxe-Meiningen,
with Princess Feodora.

Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Baden.
Princess Victoria.
THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

Princess Margaret.
IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE (now Emperor Frederick).
THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.
Princess Frederick William.

Princess Sophia.
Princess William (now Crown Princess).
IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCESS (now Empress Victoria).
Princess Adalbert.

Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden,
with two children.
Princess Irene of Hesse.
Prince Eitel Frederick.

Princess Irene of Hesse.
Prince Henry of Prussia.

THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS FAMILY: A MEMORIAL SCENE.

DRAWN BY THEODOR VOGL.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: DEMERARA.

A few sketches of the ordinary ship-board incidents of the Atlantic voyage from Southampton to the West Indies have been furnished by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, who will, after supplying illustrations of Demerara, Trinidad, and Barbadoes, proceed to Jamaica and to Panama, go up the Pacific coast of North America to California and British Columbia, depict the terminal points of the main Continental railway lines, and subsequently cross the Pacific to our Australian colonies—so as to put before our readers a series of views of those shores of the western hemisphere, and of the new routes of travel and traffic in that direction, which are becoming of world-wide importance, not omitting to illustrate the works of the Panama Ship Canal.

Demerara, officially styled British Guiana, with its port and city of Georgetown, is one of the most flourishing of the British possessions in the West Indies. It is situated on the mainland of South America, just below the outlet of the great river Orinoco, two degrees south of the island of Trinidad, and its territory lies between the ninth and the first degree of latitude north of the Equator, comprising 76,000 square miles, and including the fertile lowlands watered by the Essequibo, Berbice, Mazaruni, Demerara, and Cuyuni rivers. To the east, it is separated by the Corentyn from Dutch Guiana, beyond which lies French Guiana, or Cayenne, on the Atlantic coast. To the west, in a mountainous region, where gold-mines have been discovered, are the borders of the Spanish American Republic of Venezuela. British Guiana, divided into three counties, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, has a population of 265,000, of whom the aboriginal Indians number only 7658; the bulk of the inhabitants are West Indian negroes, but there are thousands of coolies from the East Indies and China. The sugar plantations support about 60,000 people; and the exports of sugar, rum, and molasses, with timber, shingles, cocoa-nuts, and charcoal, amounted in value to £2,322,000 in the year 1884. The productions and commerce of this colony are nearly equal to those of Trinidad, and are greater than all the other British West Indies put together. It is ruled by a Governor, with the assistance of the "Court of Policy," which is composed of five official members and five non-official, the latter being chosen, by the Court of Policy, from persons nominated by the electoral college of seven "Kiezers," who are elected by the chief owners of property. The yearly revenue is about £460,000, and the public debt little exceeds £200,000. The following notes are written by our Special Artist:—

Demerara is the land of mud. In the olden time, when the Dutch established themselves on the northern coast of South America, they commenced by building a sea-wall, behind which the town where I am writing was gradually put up. It is simply land reclaimed from the sea, or rather from the river; for the light-ship, which marks the entrance to the Demerara river, is nine miles from the shore, and vessels of all descriptions, including the fortnightly service of the Royal Mail steam-ships, have to take a pilot on board, to steer them up the narrow channel of deep water between the banks of mud. There cannot be much doubt, in the minds of passengers, about the mud; for they realise it only too surely in the morning bath, the water of which, up to the present, they have been accustomed to see of a beautiful transparent green, but which is now suddenly transformed into a muddy-yellow liquid, resembling pea-soup, and this continues without change right up to the landing-stage. As we steam up the river, most of the passengers are on the bridge, looking out for the town, which lies lower than the water upon which we are floating. As the anchor is let go, a gun is fired announcing our arrival; and very shortly after a steam-tug puts off from the Custom House, our wine bills are paid, the stewards are fed, luggage is transferred, and soon we are conveyed ashore from the Royal Mail steam-packet Eden. Having landed, there is not much difficulty in answering the smiling inquiry of the driver of the broken-down buggy or cab as to "Which hotel, Sir?" for there is but one hotel in the place. You answer: "The Tower House"; which brings forth a broader grin, an extra pointing of the huge lips, and an exhibition of two rows of ivory teeth. As you drive to the hotel, you notice fine buildings on all sides, especially the Market-house; you pass down Water-street, round by the Club, and draw up at a building with an enormous wooden tower, the only hotel in the town.

In walking about the streets of Georgetown one is rather surprised at the cleanness of them. The drainage system is of the most primitive kind, and would seem calculated to produce any amount of fever, yet this is not so prevalent as one might imagine. On each side the roads are trenches, into which the sewage of the town runs; and at low tide, flood-gates are opened, and this water is let out; then, as the sea rises, the gates are closed, and the water from distant hills keeps flowing into these trenches, and passes everything down to the gates. Fortunately these trenches are not closed over, as in many towns in South Africa, where the stench is insufferable, but are quite open; and the smell which rises from decomposed matter is driven away by the wind. For the only redeeming thing in the hot, damp, and insect-breeding climate of Demerara is a splendid wind, which blows for nine months of the year; but I am happy that I have not to pass the months of July, August, and September in Georgetown. Undoubtedly the town is prettily laid out; every street has a charm of its own, and there are very handsome buildings, particularly on the western side. Thanks to the fire which nearly destroyed the town some years back, the streets are now wide. Main-street and Camp-street, which are the best, have large wide trenches in the centre, with a roadway on either side, then two smaller sewage-ways and pathways. In the large trench, water-lilies (Victoria regia) grow luxuriantly. Georgetown has no suburbs; but in the town each house is separated from its neighbour by gardens full of trees and plants, exuberant in growth. The chief in importance are the croton, ferns, and palms. The former plant came, at first instance, from the South Sea Islands; it was sent to England, where marvellous varieties were produced in small plants, and were then exported to the West Indies, where they grow to such perfection and profusion as would turn the head of an English lover of table decoration. Nothing is more beautiful than the croton-leaf, with its extraordinary variety of colours.

The Demerarans are proud of their town, and they have certainly made the best of it. Looking from a high point of view it has a most picturesque appearance. The houses (mostly white) peep out from amongst the rich, green, tropical foliage, which abounds in every compound. The costumes of the people are varied and amusing. The white flowing skirt and the full bodice are very characteristic. On Sunday the market women come out in their best. I was watching the congregation issuing from the Roman Catholic cathedral. The white dress was "bustled" out to a vast extent, with frills highly starched; contrasted with the dusky face, and the handkerchief bound round the head, surmounted by a European billycock hat. I made a sketch of this costume and many others. The old gentlemen wear tall white hats with black bands—not, I believe, in token of mourning—a black frock coat and white trousers. The nurse also goes to church dressed as a European; and one

cannot help regretting that they do not keep to their own picturesque attire, as with the ayahs in India.

In the market, of course, there is much gossip on the topics of the day; but in such broken English that the stranger can only catch a word here and there. One sees many lazy fellows, and they will all tell the same tale as the beggars—that they have no work to do; but should you offer them 1s. 6d. or 2s. a day to come and work for you, they reply with a grin, "Why work, massa?" The police are to be seen at every corner; they are dressed in white. Yesterday, seeing a young fellow rude to a woman, the policeman remonstrated with him; but the impudent negro threw a stone at the policeman, and ran away. The policeman got into a perfect rage, and tried to run after the fellow, but soon gave it up. He said afterwards to me that it was too hot; and so it is, in Georgetown; no one can do any hard work or make any exertion without becoming saturated with perspiration. These police, be it said, are a very fine body of men, drilled as well as any English body of police or troops, and kept in perfect discipline by their Chief Constable, Major Cox, and by the Chief Detective Officer, Captain Wright.

One of those who gave me a friendly reception in Demerara was Surgeon-General Tippetts, a veteran of the Army Medical Staff, who wears the medal and clasps of Sebastopol, Alma, and Inkermann, and a blaze of other decorations; and who periodically (in his position of Surgeon-General in the West Indies) has to pay visits of inspection to the different stations all round. I hear that I am likely to be one of his companions in a trip down to Trinidad. So much the better for me; for a more agreeable and well-informed man it would seem impossible to meet. I hope to write another letter about sugar, and about Trinidad, Barbadoes, and other islands.

NOVELS.

Pine and Palm. By Moncure D. Conway. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus).—This story being apparently designed to express the reconciliation of sentiments, and the restoration of mutual esteem, between good men of the Northern and Southern States in the American Union, its author is personally well qualified for treating that salutary theme. Mr. Moncure Conway, who long resided in London, as the sometime lecturer to a religious congregation of "advanced views," and who is known as a writer of much literary talent, was brought up, we have heard, in the State of Virginia, among the old families of slave-holding planters, and sacrificed his private prospects there to his Abolitionist convictions, some time before the War of Secession. His countrymen, both in the North and in the South, will certainly not be offended by this novel. It is written in a spirit of candour, equity, and cordial goodwill, with a liberal allowance for the position of some who were possibly kind-hearted and honourable masters of slaves, under a pernicious system now happily removed. Two young men, students of law at Harvard University—Wentworth, of Boston, and Randolph Chester, of Virginia—who were intimate friends, confront each other in argument at the college debating society, and bitter words are used provoking a foolish challenge to fight a duel. Chester, travelling to keep this rash appointment, is cleverly stopped by the contrivance of a brave young woman, the daughter of the hotel-keeper at White River Junction, who makes him lose his railway-train; and in a subsequent illness, being carefully nursed by her, repents of the quarrel, which is satisfactorily arranged. By the advice of the wise head of their college, it is then agreed that they shall take a vacation from their studies, and that Wentworth shall visit the South, while Chester makes a tour in New England, to learn by actual inspection the real condition of social and domestic life, respectively, in these different "sections" of their common country. Chester, disguised as a workman, pretends to seek employment in one or two of the Northern manufacturing towns; but soon presents himself as a gentleman, with a proper introduction, at the house of a wealthy man of business, whose daughter Hilda is anxious to help the escape of a negro pursued under the Fugitive Slave Law. The circumstances are so urgent, appealing to the gallantry of her Southern guest, not less than his humanity, that he is obliged to assist in this feat, which is narrated with much humour and spirit. He is also prompted by impulsive benevolence to render active service to a German girl who has come to America in search of her betrothed lover, but he does not fall in love with either her or Miss Hilda. Wentworth, in the meantime, goes to South Carolina, attended by a negro whom he has purchased to give him freedom, and becomes the guest of Mr. Leroy, a great Sea Island cotton-planter, owning hundreds of slaves and treating them with the utmost gentleness. The characters and manners of the Leroy family—parents, son, and daughters—and some of their neighbours, are displayed in a most amiable light; but their virtues do not change Wentworth's fixed disapproval of the institution of slavery. He connives at the escape, from another estate in Georgia, of a negro who was the wife of his freedman; and he is prosecuted and mobbed at Savannah, as an Abolitionist intruder. During his long sojourn with the Leroy, however, he refrains from attacking slavery, but makes himself useful and agreeable, teaching in the school for white children, and devising entertainments for the negroes, as well as for the white folks, concerts of music, dramatic and poetical recitations, and a magic-lantern exhibition. Wentworth is, in fact, the hero of the story, and his experiences and performances, with the lively pictures that are shown of the behaviour of different classes in the Southern States, are the most interesting part of "Pine and Palm." They include the strange and exciting scenes at a baptismal ceremony among the negro congregation, and the violent Revivalist preaching and praying at a "camp-meeting" of the white folk in Virginia. On his way homeward Wentworth visits the house of Judge Chester, the father of Randolph Chester, and is able to do him service in examining documents and preparing a case for a lawsuit; here, also, he meets good, kindly, and generous Southerners, and appreciates their high character. But Gisela, the Judge's daughter, who regards Wentworth almost as a brother, is called upon, like Hilda in Massachusetts, secretly to protect a fugitive slave, a young woman about to be sold away from her husband. Wentworth, being taken into her confidence, procures the liberation of this unhappy creature by offering a large price for her at the sale. Having incurred, by so doing, the vindictive anger of a ruffian, a rejected suitor of Gisela's, there is a plot to inflict grievous injury on Wentworth, and a menace of assassination. Every danger, however, being fortunately averted, Gisela and Wentworth naturally find themselves in love with each other. The affairs of Randolph Chester, among his various Northern acquaintance, do not proceed so calmly. He is shocked by hearing that Miss Rhodes, the respectable hotel-keeper's daughter, has been slandered and driven from her home by a false account of her kindness to him. He finds her retreat in a small community of social reformers, presided over by an enthusiastic lady whom he knows, and chivalrously bestows his heart and hand on the lonely maiden; but their wedded life is soon cut short. They are in Kansas at the time of the Border Ruffian raids from Missouri, in which her brother has been wounded; on their return journey, escorting some fugitive

slaves, the party are fired on, and Randolph Chester's wife is killed. The famous Captain John Brown, with his fatal attempted insurrection at Harper's Ferry, which took place in October, 1859, comes into the story. It ends cheerfully enough; Randolph Chester gets a second wife in Hilda, while Gisela Chester marries Wentworth, and they form a partnership as lawyers in Washington. The outbreak of the Secession War in 1861 is entirely ignored. We hope that every feeling of hostility then manifested on either side has been fully atoned, which Mr. Moncure Conway seems to desire and to study in this bright and genial work of fiction, deserving acceptance equally with English and American readers.

Caswell: A Paradox. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—There is no token in this publication to warrant any association of its authorship with that of "The New Antigone." Yet it is similarly characterised not only by the style, which has a literary elegance and simple gracefulness too rare in ordinary novels, but also by its peculiar strain of thought and feeling. The writer manifestly endeavours to work out a problem of moral and religious introspection, relating to the spiritual consequences of irregular relations of the sexes. It represents a life overcast with the gloom of remorse, and obtaining at length a partial illumination from the influence of the Church. As a picture of English social life, or as an exhibition of the natural and likely behaviour and sentiments of individual personages, this story does not appear to us consistent with probability; its shadows are too intensely dark, its lights are too unearthly and meteoric, and the familiar mixture of good and bad, in the generality of human actions and motives, is not allowed sufficient room. The young man called John Caswell, an illegitimate son of Sir Henry Branstons, Knight, the profligate but prosperous manufacturer at Linford, has been privately brought up by his mother's sister, a secluded student, with the most virtuous habits and aspirations, devoted to a noble course of learning. He goes to Oxford, and is speedily ensnared by the beauty of a vain and immodest shop-girl, who is quite ready to become the mistress of any other man rich enough to treat her with fine dresses and gay amusements. He takes her away for a few days, with no promise of marriage, and quickly dismisses her, as he thinks she has a preference for her other follower. This piece of serious misconduct on the part of Caswell, being his first transgression of the rules of morality, would scarcely be expected suddenly to transform him into an incarnate fiend, when it was immediately followed by the death of his beloved uncle and guardian, and by cutting off his prospective labours in the uncle's projected great book. The young man, however, instantly plunges into the vilest excesses of depraved licentiousness, and delights in corrupting other youths, being filled all at once with a Satanic spirit of misanthropy, which carries him from London to Paris, thence to Switzerland, and besets him on the top of a mountain. He had certainly done wrong; but we submit that it cannot be salutary teaching, as it is an untrue and uncharitable assumption, to represent such atrocious, hardened, malignant wickedness at the age of twenty-three, as the result of one fault committed in his first University term. The descriptions of this poor fellow's state of mind, in his solitary rambles over the Alps, are like a paraphrase of the wildest Heaven-defying rhapsodies of Byron's most desperate heroes, who had perpetrated a thousand heinous crimes. Of course, he meets a good young lady; in fact, he meets two, Esther and Lilian, in the same company; but Esther Branstons is, though she does not know it, Caswell's half-sister; while Lilian Blackwell appears to him in the guise of "his white angel"—so he calls her when he saves her life, kisses her, and departs without further explanation. Being on the verge of insanity, he chances to wander into a Roman Catholic church, and is overcome by the solemnity of its ritual, having been affected some time before, in like manner, by that of St. Barnabas at Oxford. A fever, in which he is attended by a Swiss village priest, aids in his conversion to the Christian religion, and we should not underrate the reality and value of this process; but, though it is well for him, and for every one, "earnestly to repent and be heartily sorry" for misdoings, the advice that he obeys, in going about to repair their practical bad effects, does not seem judicious. He is to find the young woman, Delilah Rayner, with whom he first sinned, though he was as much the seduced as seducer, and is to bring her under the influence of religion. For this purpose he returns to England, becomes a City missionary among the fallen women of London, and presently takes orders as a priest, and engages himself as curate in the town of Linford. Delilah, meantime, has wantonly persisted in a career of degradation, eluding the patient search made for her by George Sampson, a working man of stern integrity and passionately attached to her, though he is ugly and deformed, and she has rejected him with scorn. This unconquerable lover of the lost girl is a terrible fellow; bred in the most dismal Calvinism, with the cruellest notions of eternal reprobation and damnation, he is one of the "elect," and allows himself to nourish a savage and malignant thirst of revenge, which might be a worse sin than Caswell's youthful incontinence. After several years, Caswell, who has believed Delilah to be dead, finds her dying in the parish where he is minister, and she curses him fiercely with her last breath, in the presence of the ladies and of George Sampson. Caswell has to quit his curacy, and does not long survive, being still pursued by the vindictive hatred of George, who denounces him as a vicious hypocrite in holy orders. He was certainly not of the proper stuff to make a useful clergyman; but he need not have been depicted, at one time, as so infamously bad, and some time later, so devotedly pious and self-sacrificing, with visionary transports between these opposite moral conditions. The fixed, cold, and callous wickedness of his father, Sir Henry Branstons, plays no active part in the story; and it seems a libel on the decent society of an English country town to suppose that such a notorious scoundrel could enjoy the public esteem of his neighbours.

Rooks and rabbits are likely to have a hot time of it this season, as the old-fashioned single-shot rook rifle is making way for the new "lightning" magazine rook rifle, which is said to combine great accuracy with penetration up to 120 yards and more, and with which, we are told, fifteen shots can be fired in seventeen seconds. The peculiar feature of its mechanism is that it is worked by the firer rapidly pushing a slide under the barrel backward and forward, while his eye does not leave the aim; the empty shell places a fresh cartridge into the barrel and cocks the hammer, leaving the arm in readiness to be fired again in the twinkling of an eye.

Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., has presented the trustees of the People's Palace with a complete copy of embossed English works in Dr. Moon's "Type for the Blind." There are 345 volumes, large and small, in this gift; and they comprise—besides the Holy Scriptures—a large number of religious works, twenty-two volumes of English history, "Mackenzie's History of Scotland," in seven volumes; several volumes of ancient history, eight of natural history, and a variety of books of biography, poetry, and anecdotes. These books are prepared by "Moon's Society for Embossing the Scriptures and other Books, Maps, &c., for the Blind," 104, Queen's-road, Brighton.